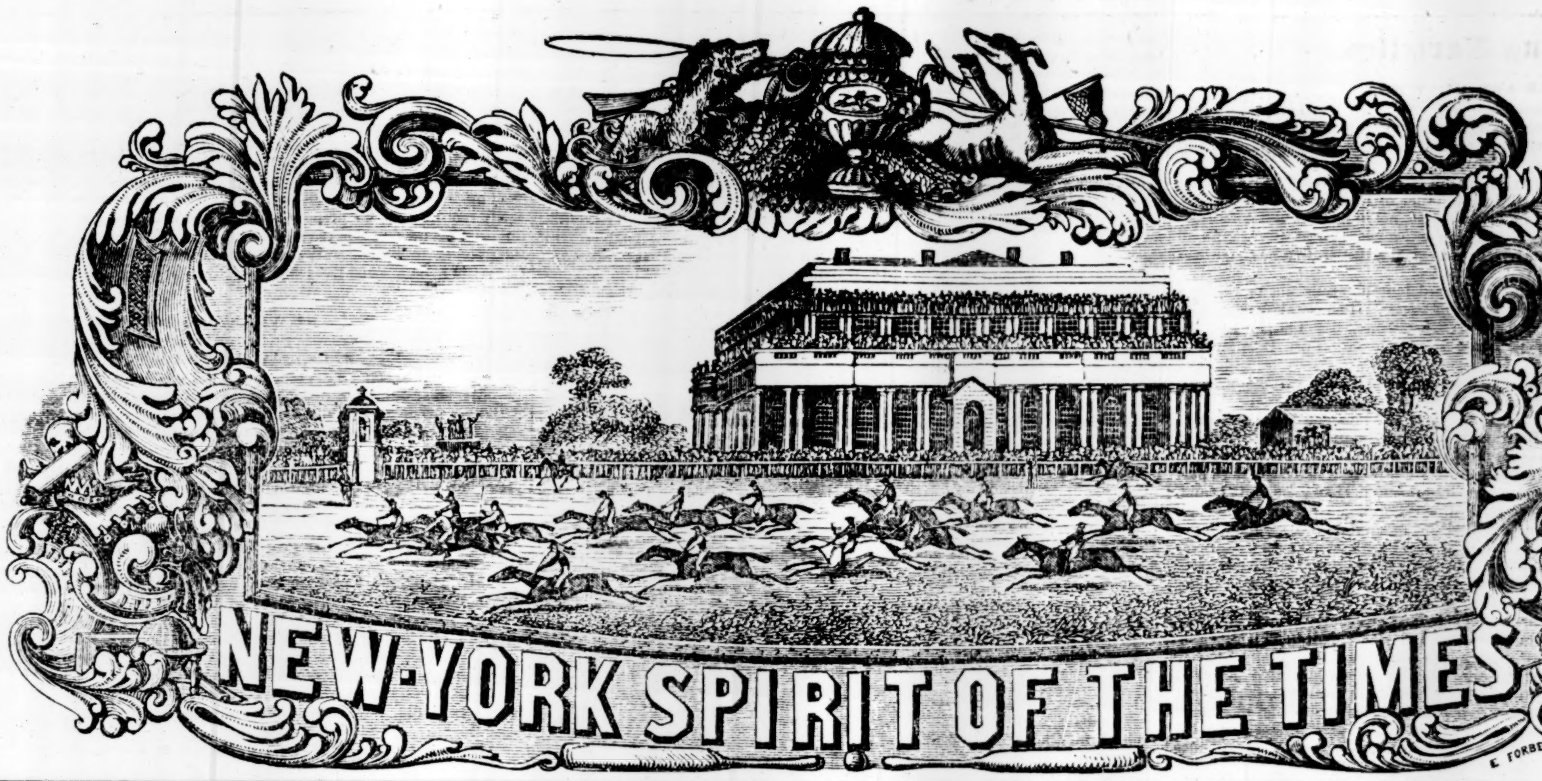

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. № 27.

THEATRICALS IN BOSTON.

The Tremont opened for the season last Monday evening, with "Speed the Plough," and "A Day in Paris." The house was full and fashionable. All the old company have been retained, with the exception of Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and Miss Kerr. The old favorites were greeted with rounds of applause; and Farmer Kilner, who has been rusticating for the last two years at Oyster Bay, had a "three times three." The old man has grown as fat as a buck; his good-humored phiz, and jolly laugh, reminded us of "Auld lang syne." Mr. Murdock, from the Philadelphia theatres, has made a decided hit: he has a fine voice of excellent compass, and a figure well calculated for effect. Of this I am certain—he will soon be an established favorite among us. Mr. Forbes and Mr. and Mrs. Muzzy, are also recruits. The former is an excellent actor—his parts are generally conceived and executed to the life. Mrs. Muzzy commenced her theatrical career some years ago in this city, as Miss Robbins: she has much improved during her absence, and now presents a fat, fair, and 30 figure. She is very lively and pleasant in her personations. Of her "worser" half we know nothing as yet. Miss De Bar, and several others will soon be added to the stock company. Mr. and Mrs. Hield, of whom report speaks favorably, are engaged for the first line of "heavy tragedy." They open here on the 29th instant—the first time in America. Celeste and Mrs. Maeder are in the city: the former opens on Monday, and the latter, it is said, will play a short engagement before leaving for Europe. Mr. Barry, the indefatigable manager of the establishment, has thus secured, perhaps, as strong a company as any in the Union, and is determined to leave nothing undone that will tend to render his establishment every way worthy a continuance of that support, which has been lavished upon it through the three last seasons in which it has been under his control.

The "National Theatre" will be opened next Monday evening, with the "Will" and "Turn Out." It is a large wooden building, but made to resemble a pile of granite. The stage is capacious, and has every facility for the production of Melo Dramas. There are three rows of boxes, with a little nook above for colored "gemmen" and ladies. It is remarkably well decorated—of a national character. The lower row is ornamented with a series of paintings, representing the naval actions of the United States. The second row represents the several shields and devices of the *thirteen States*, and the third row, with scenes from Shakspeare. The fourth row, or "nook," is ornamented with Gods, from Homer. The house is lighted with gas. Mr. W. H. Smith is engaged as acting manager; his amiable lady will be a luminous star in the company.

On Dit.—It said that an actor has more "ups and down" in life than any other person. A case in point occurred in this city yesterday. The editor of the Morning Post, in the course of his "itemizing," took occasion to blow up Mr. Charles I. Houpt, who plays the second-rate villains, at the Tremont, as the worst actor he ever saw. As might be expected, the proud representative of stage heroes was most savagerous, and in the midst of his wrath, very unwisely called upon the editor—thrust himself into his sanctum sanctorum, and fairly boiled over among all the paraphernalia of the craft. The meeting, instead of resulting in an affair at ten paces, with pistols for two, was brought to a climax by sundry kicks being inflicted upon the knight of the buskins' seat of honor, which caused him to turn flip flaps down stairs, to the no small amusement of the lookers-on!!

Yours truly, W. E.

☞ The good feeling of our Canadian friends needs no prompting to extend attentions and hospitalities to worthy recipients, and in alluding last week to Mr. John Leefe, who is now in the Provinces on business connected with this office, we merely remarked that any kindness shown him would be conferred on a highly meritorious young gentleman. If, however, anything further were required to dissolve the artificial frostwork, which, in most cases, is permitted to throw an air of chillness and reserve over the formalities of a first introduction, it might be found in the subjoined paragraph, wherein our friend of the "*Emigrant*" thus courteously commends us to the favorable notice of his countrymen:—

We perceive by a notice in the last number of the *New York Spirit of the Times*, that its enterprising editor, in his anxiety to merit yet further the approbation of his sporting friends, has despatched a special Reporter to Canada, for the purpose of transmitting an accurate account of the approaching races, as well as to obtain an extension of patronage in that quarter. As the said Agent is a *Yorkshireman* by birth and breeding, and entirely *au fait* in all matters connected with the *Turf*, he can scarcely fail to give a good account of himself relative to the former part of his commission; and for the latter, the paper, when once introduced, may be safely left to plead its own cause. Those gentlemen who would wish to inform themselves of the thousand and one interesting incidents which are continually occurring in the Sporting and Theatrical circles of Britain, will find in the *Spirit of the Times* all the information they can desire, at about one-twentieth part of the original cost. As a Sporting Work, the patronage it has built up for itself in the States, within the last twelvemonths, is without a parallel, and we hazard little in predicting, that when the gentlemen of Canada have once become acquainted with its animated pages, nothing further will be wanting to induce them to extend to it their most cordial support. In the number for August 13, we notice a report of the Three Rivers races, as also the names of the gentlemen who have been elected Officers of the Montreal Turf Club for the ensuing year, with various other matters of interest to the lovers of *Field Sports* in the provinces.

"LAWLESS" LANGUAGE.

Poor Jack Lawless has been trying his hand at an imitation of the great Irish slangmonger, O'Connell; and very natural it is that Jack should do his little *possible* of dirt where the brute leader has deposited his filth. Jack Lawless takes for his text the words, "I tell that miscreant Peer, Lord Lyndhurst, that he lies in his teeth;" and he then thus "improves" upon it:—"Lord Lyndhurst knows in his heart he asserts an impudent and insulting lie. Lord Lyndhurst presumes to read lessons on decorum and propriety and elegance of phrase. I answer him—'Is a public liar to be answered?' Should he not be flung into the pillory, and pelted by all the *filth* which national indignation could hurl against him?"

Very good, Jack! He at once confesses that what "national indignation" induces him and others to say of Lord Lyndhurst is nothing but a "pelting of filth"—and we are not disposed to gainsay his confession. The way, too, in which Lawless alludes to "decorum, and propriety and elegance of phrase," is highly *O'Connellish*,—he calls an absent person a "public liar!" But what is the lie? That the Irish are "aliens in blood, in religion, and in language." Why, do they not call the English "Saxons?"—that proves the first allegation: do they not boast of the "great majority," nay, of their *seven millions* of Papists?—that proves the second point: and does not the language used by these "filth-pelters" show clearly that in that respect they are, in very truth, aliens from all true English "propriety and elegance of phrase?" Alas, poor Jack Lawless! He has never forgotten his retreat before Simon Gray, of Ballibay. By the way—after having spoken thus in imitation of his leader, ought not Lawless to be invited to the vice regal table? The Earl of Mulgrave will surely ask him.

"I say, Mr. Imperance, what are you doing with your hands in my pocket?"—"I axes your pardon, master, but in this here cold vether von scarcely knows vere von puts vons hand."

A "Spouter" Extraordinary.—Every body knows that Mr. Rigby Wason is a *spouter* of no ordinary character. Somebody may consider him a *pop*-ular man—anybody who has once seen him will *pledge* themselves they never saw an uglier fellow, but nobody can deny the fact we are about to state. About eight o'clock, on the evening of Saturday, the 18th instant, the member for Ipswich, dressed in a suit of desperately shabby sables, wearing a shocking bad lillyshallow, "all round" which was twined a coil of dirty crape, was discovered with his hands in his breeches pockets, like a young crocodile, bending his way in a musing mood along St. Martin's lane. At the Long-acre turning the musing Member turned, and after a ponder, with his eyes fixed on the paving-stones for some five minutes, made a regular bolt into a mansion kept by Everybody's father's brother—a person better known by the exclamation of *Hamlet's* "prophetic soul," "my Uncle." Whether Wason, who looked as if his brains were "woolgathering," like Jason, was sailing after a *golden fleece*, we do not know; or whether he *popped* in for *popular* purposes we do not care—we merely record the fact. Wason looked for all the world like the caricature of the gentleman "wot had seen better days," "the lucky umbrella man," or "the swell cove down on his luck." Taking pity upon his appearance, we did not enter the premises, to his discomfiture. Whether he popped the pistols that were to have popped in *the trenches*, or anything else, we repeat we neither know or care. If a pistol, we hope, for the sake of the pawnbroker, it *Has* a *lock*, and that it will bring down a *Bird*. Wason's equal we never expect to see—it would be vain to look for a sight of his *duplicate*. However, the Ipswichonians may be assured that what we have said is really and truly "the ticket." Figaro in London.

THE CHARADE PARTY.

The papers mention, in the column of Fashionable Intelligence, that "Lady Mary Shepherd will give a charade party the first week in July." As it is our bounden duty to cater for the amusement of the circles of *ton*, we hereby lay all our conundrum-mongers under orders to do good suit and service in providing her Ladyship with an ample stock of "botherers' posers," regular "give 'em ups," for the party *in petto*. We hope our friend Copeland the tea-pot twaddler, and Mike Scales the renowned, will not be backward at coming forward. For the present, we haphazard the following, trusting to the fates to turn us up a better sample next week. In order that the honor may be rendered where the honor is due, we give the names of the individuals who have sent their Sphinxiana to be immortalized in the imperishable columns of the Age. We commence with—

Liston Wiggett.—If a fellow was to give you a shove in the eye with an umbrella, what would you instantaneously compare him to?—A poker.

By the same—If two women were blowing you up at once, to what would you liken them?—A pair of *tongues*.

By the same—Why am I, as far as the Age is concerned, like an empty fireplace?—Because I am not *grate-ful*. (No more of his irony, we beg).

By Lord Melbourne.—Why is Lady Morgan like a bottle in a liquor-cruet?—Because she's a *rum un of spirit*.

By Pay-rhing Thompson.—Why do persons coming on a wharf from a steamer resemble the agricultural committee in the House of Lords?—Because they represent the *landed* interest.

By Lord Foley.—Why is the last appointed Gentleman at Arms like a giant?—Because he is a *Tal-man*.

By Lord Sefton.—Why is a celebrated cantatrice like a cook?—because she is *Greasy*.

By Lady Blessington.—What does that rarity, a silent woman, put you in mind of?—A *dumb belle*.

By Theodore Hook.—Why is the Duchess of St. Albans unlike a cork?—Because she never yet was known to stop a bottle.

By the same.—Why is Lady Caroline Neeld like a barber?—Because it would be a devilish bad thing if she did not *shave* every day.

Cons by the Teapot Twaddler.—Why is a sheet of superior writing-paper like the Marquis of Sligo?—because it is extra *sized*.

When did Yankee-doodle Willis become most pretty considerably deemed dull and stupid?—When he ceased to be in a-merry-key (America).

Why is his present Majesty unlike a farthing?—Because he is a Sovereign.

"My books," observed N. P. (New Providence) Willis to Lord Copeland, "are worth a good *deal*." "Then you sell them in *boards*," rejoined the China Mayor.

"My little boy (said Hobler to Lord Copeland) is cutting his teeth." "And *yours* (replied his Lordship) *are cutting you*."

Which side of St. Paul's Cathedral do you generally approach first?—The outside.

Which letter in the alphabet will put a fleet in motion?—The C.

"Lady Copeland, my dear, of whom do I think when I come to the 21st letter in the alphabet? Give it up, Silver Cradle? Of U to be sure."

Why is a good subject like a miser?—Because he does not wish to change his Sovereign. London Age.

PARISIANA.

Letter to the Editor of the London Age, dated Paris, *June* 30, 1836.

"A joke's a joke, but 'tis the devil to burn a man's wig."—Spring Rice.

My letters, if they have had any merit, were calculated to prepare you for the attempt on the life of the well-beloved individual who for the moment occupies the throne of France. They (for he reads The Age now) in like manner contributed to that happy state of mind in which the King Citizen lives and has lived, if it be life to be momentarily in the expectation of a bullet, a dagger, or explosion. Thus his Majesty was not surprised, but as Byron says, "damnably astonished," when a tall young fellow poked into his carriage window last Saturday, something resembling a walking cane, and fired it at the person of that idol of all good men, Louis Philippe. The Queen, who although a rank papist, or a papist of rank if you like it better, is an excellent woman, was naturally frightened and affected; but old Adelaide, who had smelt powder in the halcyon days of the committee of public safety, snuffed the scent—(they say there were conflicting *mephites* discernible, and that it took five *litres* of chlore to disinfect the *voiture*)—Madame Athalin, I say, preserved all her *sangfroid*, and advised, that instead of stopping, they should continue their route. By the time they reached the *grille* of the garden opposite the Pont Royal, the King and Queen came to themselves, when her Majesty set about examining her beloved's person, and found not a scar upon it, but a lump of smoking wadding lodged in his Majesty's scratch wig. The regicide turned out to be one Alibeau. (Hughes Ball thinks he would be better pleased to prove an *alibi*.) He admits having attempted to do the trick, and laments only its failure.

Louis Philippe has ever since been fast at it, flashing his courage and his eloquence;—for, like Hope on Friday night, at the Salon, when he "threw in" nine times to the discomfiture of Jew Benazet's Bank, his Majesty might truly say,—"I like *display*." You are sick of these things, however; and yet I advise you to keep his words set up; for you will, until the *coup* strike, have constant occasion for them. Those uttered to-day will suit the next three escapes.

We are truly edified at all the hard names bestowed by General Sebastiani's London Journals on this Monsieur Alibeau, who, it must be confessed, is the *beau ideal* of a Paris exquisite at the present day: and the description of whose person and personalities would suit the whole class.

In the first place he is, though a devilish fine animal, an audacious-looking puppy, of a cut of the brazen brawlers, boasters, and bullies, who figured as officers in the *ex-Garde Royale*. His frock coat was "nate and clane"—so were his trowsers. His hair well trimmed; his beard, which, like the player in Hamlet, balanced his chin, well combed. His inward man—his shirt, *pour exemple*,—filthy as three or four weeks' incessant wear in weather like this could make it. His *mouchoir*, a piece of unhemmed calico, which for four weeks he had borne unwashed, and emitting pestilence when unfolded. His purse contained twenty-two *sous* (elevenpence). His pockets, a "comb for his beard," and two earthen tobacco pipes, of the fashion of those patronized by *les Dames d'Halle de Londres*—the Peg Sullivans and Poll Crotties of Covent Garden Market.

Poor devil! It is not his fault that he is audacious—unprincipled—immoral—ferocious. He owes, like all his unbearable countrymen of the present time, his imprudence and audacity to—among others—that monster, *Egalité*, Louis Philippe's horrid father, who encouraged the very mob to think themselves equal in everything, because made alike, to their superiors. His want of principle he owes to the same school; and he only repays Louis Philippe the debt due to his diabolical progenitor. They say he won't be *fauchee*,—because Louis Philippe when signing the order for reducing poor Fieschi's shadow and substance, said, if the crime had only been committed towards him he would not sanction it. Alas! the same man swore allegiance to Louis Seize, and clapped his hands when sentence of death was pronounced upon him. He swore allegiance to the Republic one and indivisible, acted in the Reign of Terror, and yet he mizzled with Dumourier. He swore allegiance to Louis XVIII., and yet allowed himself to be the beacon for the disaffected from 1815 up to that monarch's death. He swore allegiance to Charles X., and yet he concurred in his dethronement. He subsequently swore that Poland should not perish, and yet—but why multiply these traits of character? What care you whether a miscreant more or less exist in France, and of course what care you whether Louis Philippe again turn his back on himself.

The weather is so warm that—except our French dandys' persons—there is nothing stirring here in Paris. All the old set parade, however, after twilight, including the bashful, beautiful Commercial. Princess Lieven is here, looking out for squalls. The French Princes are expected home in a day or two—one of them (Nemours) had the other day a touch of the complaint which carried off his grandfather a *sore throat*.

I am—what Louis Philippe shams, when signing a death-warrant—melting—so adieu.

EXECUTION OF ALIBEAU.

In its summary of the foreign news brought by the *New Jersey*, at Boston, the Sun gives the annexed account of the trial and summary execution of Alibeau, the assassin, in Paris:—"He was tried on the 8th and 9th of July, and executed by the guillotine on the 11th. Nothing transpired on his trial to render it at all probable that he had any accomplices, or that his murderous attempt was the result of a conspiracy. He avowed himself alone guilty of the crime, and said that he had conceived it, and determined to perpetrate it ever since the 6th of June, 1835, the day on which appeared the Royal Ordonnance, declaring Paris to be in a state of siege. He said he considered the King of the French as their mortal enemy, and being tired of life, he had contemplated suicide, but preferred dying by an act which would be serviceable to the people. He averred that he had watched the movements of the King for six months to get a favorable opportunity to kill him, and had for some time experimented with several cane guns to render his attempt successful. On signing the minutes of his examination, he preceded his signature with the words, 'I have only one regret—that of not having succeeded.' Several witnesses on his trial testified to his general good character, and to his being a man of generous and honorable feelings; but not a single fact was elicited to extenuate his crime.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 11th ult., he was led forth to execution, attended by a very large civil and military force. Every avenue to the Barrier St. Jacques had been thronged with the populace from a much earlier hour, but no disposition to a popular commotion was at all evinced. He was led barefooted to the scaffold, attended only by a priest and executioner, and his head covered by a black veil, according to the established ceremony on the execution of a regicide. The clergyman left him as he ascended the steps of the guillotine, and whilst the officer read the terms of his condemnation, the veil was lifted from his face, which was extremely pale, and he looked towards the spectators as if about to address them. He, however, only said, *Adieu mes braves*, and surrendered himself to the executioner's assistance. After the veil was drawn over his face, and as he lay upon the plank beneath the axe, he was heard to again call out *Adieu mes braves*, but the words had scarcely passed his lips when the axe fell, and his head was severed from his body, and in a few minutes the scaffold, spectators, and military had all disappeared. One account states that he said to the executioner, 'I die a Republican; the Peers who condemned me were base and cowardly. I die for the people and for liberty, the victim of an evil monarchy. I am as pure as Brutus and Sandt, and, like them, I wished for the liberty of my country.' He is said to have passed the day prior to his execution as gaily as possible, singing all the republican songs he could think of. His body was demanded by his friends, but it is not said whether it was given to them."

Perilous Balloon Ascent in Paris.—The ascension of Mademoiselle Garnerin, from the Champ de Mars, yesterday, was fixed for seven o'clock. About a quarter past eight considerable discontent began to be exhibited by the crowd, who hissed and hooted, and a scene of confusion was impending, when Mademoiselle Garnerin, notwithstanding the entreaties of her friends and the commissary who presided, insisted upon ascending, and cried to the persons who were holding down the balloon to let go the cords; this was done in such disorder that one of the men caught the silk of the parachute, and a loud crash was heard as the whole apparatus ascended rapidly towards the plain of Grenelle, evidently in disorder. A few moments of painful suspense occurred. "She is lost! she is lost!" exclaimed hundreds, as she rapidly mounted. About five minutes elapsed in this painful suspense, when she was seen gradually descending, the parachute on one side, but evidently supporting her. Her escape was hailed by a universal burst of applause, her fate being deemed inevitable, and she fell on the plain of Grenelle: when taken up she swooned, and was immediately put in a coach and conveyed off.

[From a Correspondent].—The beautiful Lady Eleanor Kennedy, is destined soon to wear the saffron robe of Hymen. A Persian poet has said that "the summer of the rose arrives too soon;" we feel the truth of the Oriental simile, though there is *one* perchance who thinks otherwise—the noble and gallant bridegroom—Sir John Cathcart, of the Life Guards. Amongst the numerous matches which a season ripens, there are none within our remembrance, which offer a fairer prospect of mutual happiness, birth, beauty, talent, wealth, and virtue being happily blended in each. The course of the "silver Thames" runs fair and smooth, but the naiads of the stream will weep the loss of "the fair lady of St. Margaret's" when she becomes a "soldier's bride."

Sporting Varieties.

BASCOMB AND POST BOY.

Mr. Editor,—Though much has been said in your work and elsewhere, concerning these renowned competitors, an occasional contributor to your periodical thinks he can throw some additional light upon the subject, and present others in a clearer point of view.

From other achievements, besides their match race, and especially as the champions of the South and North, and the capital time of their four mile heats, 7m. 49s. and 7m. 51s.*—whether the state of the course, not in its very best condition, be considered or not—these distinguished coursers must, at this time, rank all others in the United States, if there be others as good or better, that have not had the opportunity of a similar test.

That his owner declined to risk his well earned laurels, ought not to bring in question Bascomb's claim to the highest post of honor. The fact, however, does not appear perfectly reconcileable to the previous statement in "The Spirit of the Times," that "Col. Crowell offers to run Bascomb with Post Boy for ANY AMOUNT *not less* than $10,000."‡

A few words as to the history of the two champions. Both of them are sorrels, five years old last spring, and grandsons, in the paternal line, of the American Highflyer, Sir Archy. John Bascomb, bred in a northern county of Alabama, was got by the renowned Bertrand, out of one of the few thoroughbred Pacolet mares in the state– his grandam by Wildair, &c.—all horses of the first celebrity, so far as his pedigree is furnished. Post Boy, bred in the southern part of New York, was got by Eclipse's renowned competitor. Henry, out of Garland, (almost sister in blood to Eclipse)—by Duroc, (Eclipse's sire)—her dam (half sister to Eclipse) by Hambletonian, a capital son of imported Messenger, out of Eclipse's renowned dam, the Miller's Damsel, also by Messenger—the imported Pot8os mare, Gimcrack, &c. He thus unites the Sir Archy and Eclipse blood—excellent crosses, as exemplified by Shark, the Marias, (black and bay) Alice Grey, Mingo, Henry Archy, &c.

Of their size and early performances, we are not particularly informed. Notwithstanding his career began inauspiciously, and was clouded by bad health, high expectations were early formed in regard to Bascomb. Bili Austin, latterly thought by some to be the best horse of the two, his owner preferred to sell to Col. Crowell. On being beat by him, three mile heats, in Alabama, the last autumn, Mr. Blevins decided to throw the helve after the hatchet, and at a small figure for such a horse, Col. Crowell became the owner also of Bascomb—the two famed sons of Bertrand again becoming sharers of the same stable. Since then he has run a career of brilliant and uninterrupted success. Such horses, besides Lady Nashville and Bolivia, composing Col. Crowell's excellent stable, he did not hesitate to accept Argyle's challenge, $17,000 to $15,000; and with Bascomb, (Bill Austin being amiss,) on the 20th day of last April, at Augusta, Georgia, distanced the South Carolina champion, at a single heat of four miles, in 7m. 44s.: on the same course, a few weeks before, Bascomb had won, in fine style, a purse race, three mile heat, *distancing* Vertumnus, a capital son of Eclipse, that a few weeks before had won a second heat of three miles, at Charleston, S. C., in 5m. 47s., beating Lady Nashville.

No race horse of like renown, if any, and in one training, from August to June, has travelled as much as Bascomb. About 300 miles, when he arrived at the residence of Col. Crowell, upon the Chattahoochee, near Fort Mitchell; 225 more to the scene of his exploits at Augusta; from 800 to 1000 more, nearly half of which he also walked, from Augusta to New York. On the 31st of May, he crowned his exploits as the southern champion, by beating Post Boy, $5000 a side—there being an interval of only forty-nine days between his matches with the South Carolina and New York champions.

Post Boy's career is not more fully known. His performances at three years, if not others, have not been published in the Turf Register. That fall he exhibited no ordinary share of speed and bottom, in a race of two mile heats, though beat, in four heats, by the famed southern mare Florida. The next spring, before he was got in condition, he was beat, for a purse, two mile heats, by Tarquin, another fleet son of Henry. Shortly after, he was beat in the regular race, threee mile heats, by Mingo, one of the best sons of Eclipse, running second to him in the first heat, in 5m. 45s. Since then no horse on Long Island has run "a career of more brilliant and uninterrupted success," with the exception only of his match with Bascomb. He had won two other matches, of a large figure beating with ease Rosalie Somers, and Veto, two speedy nags, at their own distance, two mile heats. He has won four Jockey Club purses, four mile heats—two at the Union Course, and two at Trenton, beating, in the finest style, competitors of high renown—Mingo, Black Heath, Bay Maria, Juliana, Ironette, Henry Archy, &c. His consecutive four mile heats have been run in 7m. 52s.; in the same ra e, running his eighth mile in 1m. 53s.—and it is now discussed, whether in his last race, beating Mingo, four mile heats, at Trenton, he ran his fourth mile as quick as 1m. 47s. or no quicker than 1m. 51s.—this too after running twenty miles in ten days! As in their match Bascomb exhibited the most speed, it is but reasonable to conclude, that on that day, if the course had been in as good condition, and they had run a similar game race, as at the Henry and Eclipse match, they would have made as good, if not better time. Four miles, averaging 1m. 54., which they could probably have done, would be equal to 7m. 36s.—one scond better than Henry's heat. Henry's weight, and "the pace told" in the next heat, and there was a falling off of twelve seconds: in Bascomb's second heat, only two seconds. Both heats might have been several seconds quicker, had not so much time been lost in the first mile of each, which may have given Bascomb the race. It is at least questionable. There seems no good reason for doubting that Post Boy is as good a race horse at any distance, as Eclipse in his most palmy day. When called upon, he has shown more speed,† if time

† Eclipse never ran a mile, in public, under 1m. 54s., nor two miles under 3m. 50s. The question then is, which has shown most bottom?

be the standard, and on no occasion any deficiency in bottom. If brought to the test, much may be reasonably expected from Post Boy.

These remarks may seem supererogatory, as made by

Turf Register. An Occasional Contributor.

* With the exception of the great Eclipse match, but one four mile heat (and that Janet's first heat, in 7m. 48s.) has been run upon the Union Course quicker than 7m. 49s.—Trifle's time, when she beat Alice Gray, and their second heat, in 7m. 56s., but won with ease: four weeks before, Alice Gray, 4 years old, by Henry, at 101 lbs., beat Black Maria in 7m. 56s. and 7m. 50s.—her race within one second of Trifle's time, and the second heat without coercion, bearing exactly the same ratio to Eclipse's capital second heat, in 7m. 49s.

‡ So many banters have passed between the friends of the rival Champions, that in endeavoring to "keep the run" of them, it is a matter of no surprise that some of our statements should not have "appeared perfectly reconcileable." The facts are easily explained. On the day of the match, at the Club Dinner after the race, the owners of Post Poy offered to run him against Bascomb for $5000, the next day, week, or month, or to make an inside stake of that amount for the ensuing 4 mile day, (three days subsequent to the match). This offer was at first declined, but after considerable desultory conversation between the parties, a gentleman from Alabama, on behalf of Bascomb, offered such a match as the friends of Post Boy accepted. At a later hour on the same day, the owners of Post Boy were persuaded to draw this match, at the request of Bascomb's owner, and it was so stated at the table. For the week ensuing, though both parties were for "trying it on," and twenty propositions were offered and declined on either side, all attempts to reconcile their differences proved unavailing. The difficulty seemed to be to select a course which should be agreeable to both parties, which difficulty was very considerably increased by the interference of the owners of two or three rival Race tracks. The owners of Post Boy declined positively, as we understood it, to run their horse except on the Union Course, being fettered by some engagements. And the Northern turfmen generally, thought it but reasonable, that as Post Boy was the beaten horse, he should be allowed to call on Bascomb to meet him again on the same ground. And in answer to the objection of Southern gentlemen of the expense and trouble of running Bascomb so far from home, they replied that both horses were then upon the ground, and that it would be obviously a saving of trouble and expense to run the match at the North. But to obviate *any* objection on *this* score, they offered to stake $11,000 to $10,000 on Post Boy, and even $10,000 to $9,000. $12,000 to $10,000 were demanded by the South, which was considered unreasonable odds to give on a beaten horse.

On the part of the South it was proposed to stake even sums, not less than $10,000, and then to bid for the choice of course, the party offering the greater price to have the selection. This was declined in consequence of certain engagements on the part of Post Boy's owners.

The South then offered to run for $20,000 even on any course in Virginia or Maryland:—to take $25 000 to $20,000 and run at the Union Course or at Trenton;—or to give $25,000, and even $27,000 to $20,000, and run at Augusta. The privilege was also allowed of increasing the amount of the stakes, *in this proportion*, ad libitum. These offers were declined.

There is one consideration which seems of great weight to our minds in determining upon the locality of the course for any match between the North and the South. It is this,—that the proportion of horses at the South compared with those at the North is as twenty, and perhaps *forty* to one. Having, then, such an immense advantage in the selection of a horse to run any match, the South should be disposed to accommodate us by running at the North. And we verily believe that Southern turfmen do look upon this as reasonable, and are usually willing so to act:—and we have further no kind of doubt that but for the meddling interference of the owners of rival courses last spring, a second match would have been made between Bascomb and Post Boy. On the part of the owners of either horse, *there was surely* "NO BACKING OUT."—[Ed. N. Y. *Spirit of the Times.*]

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE FROM THE SOUTH, &c.

Bascombe has beaten Post Boy; and, like all other matches, this has given room for speculation and comparisons. Among others, I have been indulging in this way. The race seems to have been fairly run and fairly won, and has certainly placed the *two* at the *head* of the list of racers. Post Boy I have never seen; Bascomb I have, and seen him run, and had great confidence in his winning the match; and thought, and still think, he can beat the time of that race; though, upon that point, I have less faith than most persons. Due allowances are rarely made for the state of the course, the state of the weather, the mode and manner of running, &c. in any of our clubs. If I were to venture an opinion as to this race and that of Eclipse and Henry, taking all these things into consideration, I would not hesitate to say, Bascomb and Post Boy's was much the best of the two. They fell off but *two and a half* seconds, Eclipse and Henry *twelve*, in the second heat. There never was a course, in any country, in better condition than the Long Island course was, the day on which Eclipse and Henry ran: the day superb, and they in tip-top order. This could not have been the case as regards weather, &c. in the late match, as every body knows and admits: and the writer believes that if Eclipse and Henry had been in the race, in the same fix they were in when they ran, they would have been third and fourth.

I perceive by the Spirit of the Times that another match is contemplated, and that Bill Austin is spoken of as one to be relied on by the South. I fear he may never appear again, as one of his back sinews was a good deal "*sprung*," and much enlarged in April last. His owners think highly of him, and even say he could beat Bascomb; I hardly think, however, they would *back* their judgment on it were they in different stables. A broken down horse is always the *best*, in almost any stable. Col. Crowell, however, was peculiarly fortunate in his selection of a stable. He had the strongest I ever saw together, and believe he could, last campaign, have won (if they had been judiciously placed) *every* Jockey Club purse from Mobile to Columbia, and could then have gone on and done the *same* in Virginia and Maryland.

We have a promising young get coming on, the get of Bertrand, jun., Godolphin, Luzborough, &c. Some will appear this fall and winter.

Of tried nags,* Medora, (imp.) Bay Maria, Lady Morgan, in South Carolina, and Miss Medley and Hickory John, in Georgia, are relied on to contend with those who may come from other quarters. The imported filly, Medora, is "*first favorite*" of those named "here and hereabouts."

Rowton has made a good season, and has had several fine mares, Ariel, Betsey Richards, the dam of Clara Fisher of the number. He is not only a strong and well proportioned horse, but the most beautiful and highest finished stallion I have ever seen. Such as he is must improve our stock.

I think with you about breeding "*in and in*," and of breeding from *doubtful* blood and *chance* horses. They are reaping the fruits of this system in Virginia and North Carolina, and we have felt it sorely here.

The death of Sir Charles has put them *hors du combat* in Virginia, and it will require an age to get rid of some *dunghill* crosses they have in their stock. We must all go back to the "mother country" for good blood, as we did in times past, and if *we* will keep it pure, there is no danger of degeneracy.

Turf Register.

* Argyle is gone to Virginia, or is going, and will win back some of his laurels. He was in no condition to run at Augusta, but could never have headed Bascomb at any period of his racing. He is a fine horse, and you will say so when you see him; and if he comes to the Central, he will be an "ugly customer" to some.

DAYTON (Ohio) RACES.

The races over the Rubicon Course commenced June 7th, 1836.

First Day. Two mile heats.

J. Fawcett's br f Corinna, 4 yrs old, by Trumpator, dam by Director 97lbs 1 1
J. Arnold's b c Doublehead, 4 yrs old, by Doublehead, dam unknown, 100lbs ..... 2 dr.
G. H. St. Clair's b f Belleforest, 4 yrs old, by Sir Charles, dam by Virginia, 97lbs ..... dis.

Time, 4m. 2s.—won easily.

Second Day. Three mile heats. For this race there were but two entries.

John Fawcett's b c Duff Green, 4 yrs old, by Bertrand, dam by Hambletonian, 100lbs 1 1
G. H. St. Clair's gr m Kate Plowdor, five years old by Kosciusko, dam Blackburn's Buzzard, 107lbs 2 2

This race caused a good deal of anxiety. All was bustle and confusion; the mare being the Ohio favorite, but owing to her being a little too high, they did not bet the odds as was expected; notwithstanding, the mare was the favorite. The signal sounds from the stand to saddle; they both led up to the score, each seemingly conscious of his own superiority: the drum tapped, and they both went off together at an easy pace, Duff on the lead, the mare trailing, and continued on until the last stretch, when she made a brush, but she had travelled too far to make the run count; Duff winning the heat with ease. Time, 6m. 15s.

Second heat.—Both horses led up fine; at the signal they are off, Kate in the lead, Duff close upon her haunches; at the end of a mile he made a run for about three hundred yards, the mare still maintaining the lead; half a mile further he made another run, but shared the same fate. The friends of the mare began to think they had him safe, but half a mile more he made a severe struggle, when, lo and behold! she had to yield her laurels to her superior: Duff gallantly maintaining his run the next mile, and distancing his antagonist. Thus terminated a very doubtful race in Duff's favor, winning at his leisure. Time, 6m. 10s.

Third Day. Mile heats,

Jno. Arnold's b c Doublehead, 4 yrs old, by Doublehead, dam unknown, 100lbs 1 1
J. Fawcett's bl c Waxey, jun., 4 yrs old, by Waxey, dam by Whip, 100lbs 2 2

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 57s.

Fourth Day. Mile heats.

G. H. St. Clair's b f Belleforest, 4 yrs old, by Sir Charles, dam by Virginian, 97lbs 1 1
G. Coffe's b f 4 yrs old, by William Wallace, ... 2 2

Turf Register for Aug.

TURFIANA.

THE SHEET-ANCHOR DO, ORATOR JACK, AND PADDY STRETCH.

Last week we gave the disciples of Oude and Esculapius, even to "the eleventh hour," an opportunity of sending us a contradiction of the rumors in every one's mouth about their flat-catching tricks with Sheet-Anchor, and a full, true, and particular account why they did not start their oss for the Ascot Cup. However, to the moment we are writiag, we have received no communication from any of the tribe; and therefore, in the phraseology of Jack of all Trades, or Jack the Orator, as they have not *repoodiated* the charge, and the charge has not been *repoodiated*, we hold ourelves entitled to conclude, in the absence of their repoodiating the same, that they really have been coming the rig over the raws; and that the true reason for not starting the *hanimal*, as Copeland would say, can't bear the light.

The Leech it seems feels very sore about the *exposé* of the affair; and well he may. But much as he wishes it to die away like a "nine day's wonder," he must not "lay the flattering unction to his soul," that such a gross case can be so easily passed over. We wish he may get it, as Bulwer has it. Not content, it would appear, with doing the regular speculators on the Turf, directly as well as indirectly, by planting third parties upon them, we are told some of the crew *in the secret* were very active night-campaigning in the dens of Moloch, and doing Bill Cauty and the other select Pandemoniumites, and that even some of their own intimate friends and companions,

"Of a free and open nature,
That think men honest, that but seem to be so,"

were indulged with not a little of their kindness, by being induced to back their horse, "according to *Justice*," as the lawyers phrase it, whilst they themselves were going it the reverse road by laying against him, and backing other horses in the race. Now, if such a bit of old pugilistic sort of do was not a PIERCING shame, we really don't know what is.

But, lank and lean though the sallow-faced Leech be, we will lay him our old bet of *odds* to *Evens*, he is somewhat lighter in his carcase, though heavier in his purse, by "the Sheet-Anchor Do." Sweating, as the Jockies could tell him, soon reduces the system; and what with his boiling wrath at the *exposé within*, and the late most particularly tolerably horrible roasting sort of weather *without*, we take it he must be melting as fast as a candle lit at both ends; and that he will ere long be more like "a little farthing rushlight," than a good mould or even a dip. We are quite alive to his consultations with the notorious defaulter, Peter Corcoran. "Pares cum paribus facillime congregantur." And, though it is no business of ours, we can tell the Leech he will find, by the old *Harry's Son*, the *Shark*, more than a match for him at bleeding; and, if he does not look more *Sharp* than he did at Ascot, the swag will very soon all be transferred to Peter's office; and then we should not be surprised to hear of a case of treadmill.

Shade of Mendoza! and O! ye Corcoranians! ye adepts at "the cross and the jostle—the do and the draw," know that John Gully—yea, John Gully, the ci-devant pig driver, pavior, butcher, publican, and pugilist—*alias* boxer—has had the *Hardy*-hood to become the champion of Dan the Big Beggarman—though he declined being champion of England after he floored the Game Chicken, and punished poor Gregson almost to a jelly. And lo and behold! when will wonders cease?—he is even said to have declared, in one of the rounds at the Westminster cockpit, (though we did not hear it with our own ears, as Jack himself says he heard something else with his own long ugly listeners) "that he never tipped any head-money, and that he never had been guilty of bribery in any shape whatsoever, and if he had, he should consider himself unworthy of a seat." Well done, Jack! Nothing like coming it strong when you are at it.—Privilege of speech is a great thing for some folks; but what strong pins they must have to vaunt so.

It is true we were in too great a hurry in saying that Paddy Stretch had come to the scratch and paid his losses on the Derby? We hope not; but we must have no fast and loose work. Bowing and scraping, and clipping the King's English, are not enough. He must either do the one thing or the other—cash up, or go herd with the Corcoranian crew. We will thank any one of our numerous friends and correspondents to let us know whether Paddy has or has not forked out the tin.

P.S. To A. G.—Is the "Betting Spider" he alludes to the same cove we saw at Tat's in the spring? If so, he seems scarcely worth powder and shot, though he would fain have his purse measured by the heaviness of the bets *he offers*. It is one thing to offer bets—another to find takers.

The hit about the "*Pensive* Boy" is under consideration—but he must surely be a poor creature.

London Age of June 26.

We find some of the Yorkshire Levanters on the late Derby are not content with having done the noblemen and gentlemen of the turf, themselves, but are leaving no stone unturned to prevent others from meeting their engagements.—When we get all the particulars, we shall show them up in their true colors, as a beacon to all honest betting-men never to suffer such unworthy fellows to set foot on "the Rialto" again. It seems the Attorney's Clerk, himself, one of the defaulters to the tune of several thousands, is resorting to every low bit of legal chicanery he is master of, along with his chum, Mustard's old valet, Bobby, to cripple Paddy Stretch, who, we learn from various quarters, is anxious to act as an honourable man—and who will ere long be able to do so in spite of the dirty ingratitude of those he has been so sorely duped by. The Yorkshire Clerk appears anxious to make himself as notorious a defaulter as old Corcoran; and we shall take care to lend the creature a helping hand.

Now that we have so far succeeded in clearing the Augean Stable at the Corner of some of the worst nuisances by which it has been so long infested, it has been suggested to us it might be a useful manual for the speculators on the Turf, to be furnished with the names and pedigrees of the principal Levanters in the course of the last ten or twenty years—giving some short spicy accounts of the gemmen, and showing whether they really wanted the *means*, or only the *will*, to cash up. We know instances of both—*proh pudor!* Such a manual will necessarily require time to prepare. In the mean time we shall be happy to receive any hint or information the sufferers by Peter Corcoran and Co. may have it in their power to give us. We are glad to hear the name of the late Mr. Berkeley Craven will be rescued from such a slur ere we are many weeks older.

London Age, 3d July.

NEWCASTLE RACES.

Monday, June 20.—Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for 3 year old colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies 8st.; two miles; 8 subs.

Mr. Stephenson's b c Volney, by Velocipede 1
Mr. Gascoigne's br c Wallace, by Lottery 2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Wallace, and few takers.—Volney took the lead at a moderate pace, Wallace waiting on him two or three lengths behind: in this way they ran to the flat between the Newcastle and Morpeth turns, when Wallace collared, but, after running a few strides, fell into his former place in the rear; at the two year old starting post, Templeman, who was on Wallace, again came up to Volney's quarters, and in this way they ran to the distance-post; a severe race home followed, but Volney eventually won by nearly two lengths.

Maiden Plate of 50*l.*; three year olds, 6st 10lb; four, 8st; five, &c., 8st 7lb mares and geldings allowed 3lb; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Meiklam's Corryvrechan, by Percy, 4 yrs 1 1
J. Scott's ch f Progress, Sister to Pilgrim, 3 yrs 0 2
W. Lonsdale's b f Gipsy, by Tramp, 4 yrs ..... 2 dr
Col. Cradoc's gr c Patriot, by Langar, 3 yrs ..... 3 dr
Earl of Eglinton's b g Œolus, by Corinthian, 3 yrs ..... 4 dr

Mr. Attwood's b c Valentian, 3 yrs, and Mr. Grey's b c by Waverley, dam by Macbeth, 2 yrs, also started, but were not placed.

Tuesday.—The Tyro Stakes of 25 sovs each, for 2 year old colts, 8st 4lb; fillies 8st; T.Y.C.; three quarters of a mile; 8 subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br c by Voltaire, out of Matilda (Lye) 1
Col. Cradock's b c by Voltaire, out of Comedy 2
Mr. Gill's bl c The Doctor, by Dr. Syntax 3
Mr. Marley's b f The Hind, Sister to the Stag 4

Betting at starting: 2 to 1 on the Duke of Cleveland's Voltaire colt; no others mentioned.—Colonel Cradock's Voltaire colt took the lead at a slashing pace, the Doctor and the Hind following, with the Duke's colt waiting on them; at the Morpeth (or Coal-pit) turn, Colonel Cradock's colt was about three lengths in advance, but lost his advantage by swerving in making the turn; at the distance-post he had regained the lead, and was challenged by the Duke's colt, which won easily at last; the others were beaten off.

His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs; three year olds, 7st 2lb; four, 9st 2lb; five, 10st; six and aged, 10st 5lb; three miles.

Mr. Powlett's br c Wentworth, by Confederate, 3 yrs (Cartwright) 1
Duke of Leeds' br g Zohrab, 5 yrs 2
W. Hutchinson's br c Balmerino, by Jerry, 3 yrs 3
Mr. Attwood's ch c Lithuanian, 3 yrs 4

Betting at starting: 5 to 4 agst Zohrab, and 7 to 4 agst the winner.—Zohrab took the lead, the other three in a rank, close behind; in passing the Grand Stand the second time round, Zohrab was first, Wentworth second, Balmerino third, and Lithuanian fourth; when they reached the flat on the low side of the course, Wentworth went up to Zohrab, and it was evident the others had no chance; a fine race followed, Wentworth eventually winning by nearly a length; Balmerino was seven or eight lengths in the rear, and Lithuanian was regularly twisted off.

The Selling Stakes of 5 sovs each, p.p., with 25 added by the Town; three year olds, 7st; four, 8st 3lb; five, 8st 10lb; six and aged 10st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs, if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile.

Earl of Eglinton's gr c Wizard, 3 yrs (T. Lye) 1 1
Mr. Nicholson's br f Lady Lowman, 4 yrs 0 2
A. Watts' br c by Fitz-Orville, dam by X.Y.Z., 4 yrs 2 0
Mr. Armitage's b f Sister to Peter Simple, 3 yrs 3 0

Mr. Gray's b c by Waverley, dam by Macbeth, 3 yrs, also started, but was not placed,

Betting—first heat: 6 to 1 agst Lady Lowman, and 2 to 1 agst Wizard. Second heat: 6 to 4 on Wizard.

Wednesday.—The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs each, p.p., with 100 added by the Town, for three year old colts and fillies; colts, 8st 3lb; fillies, 8st 1lb; St. Leger Course; once round; seven subs.

Mr. Orde's b f Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax (T. Lye) 1
Mr. Blakelock's bl c The Black Diamond 2

The following were not placed:—Mr. Gill's bl c Black Hambleton, by St. Nicholas. Mr. W. Peirse's b f Elizabeth, by Waverley, out of Swiss's dam; and Mr. Bowes' br f The Zegri Maid, by Longwaist, dam by Muley.—Betting: Even on Black Diamond, 6 to 4 agst Bee's-wing, 4 to 1 agst Elizabeth, and 5 to 1 agst The Zegri Maid.—Bee's-wing made nearly all the running; on coming along the flat between the Newcastle and Morpeth turns, Black Diamond passed her; here it was "Diamond cut Diamond," for the mare immediately resumed the lead, which she kept to the close of the race, winning easily by two lengths; Elizabeth was tailed off at the Newcastle turn; Zegri Maid was third, at a distance of five or six lengths behind Black Diamond; Black Hambleton was regularly floored. Bee's-wing immediately took the place of Black Diamond in the betting for the Doncaster Leger.

The Corporation Plate of 60 gs, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, p.p., for horses, &c., that never won above 100 sovs at any one time, in Plate or Stakes, before the day of naming; three year olds, 7st: four, 8st; five and upwards, 8st 10lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the second to receive 20 sovs out of the Stakes; heats, two miles; 13 subs.

Mr. Powlett's br c Wentworth, by Confederate, 3 yrs (Cartwright) 1 1
Col. Cradock's gr c Patriot, by Langar, 3 yrs 2 2
Mr. Wilkin's ch f Miss Rachael, by Corinthian, 3 yrs 0 3
M. Ridley's b c Durham, by Lottery, 4 yrs 3 0

Mr. Darling's b h Fearnhurst, by Peter Lely, 5 yrs, was not placed.—Betting: 5 to 2 agst Wentworth, 7 to 2 agst Patriot.—Both heats won easily.

The Northumberland Stakes of 100 sovs, for horses, &c. of all ages, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, and only 5 if declared, &c.; the second to save his stake; two miles; 19 subs.

Mr. Bowes' b f Cyprian, by Partisan, out of Frailty, 3 yrs, 6st 1
Mr. Hodgson's ch f Burletta, 4 yrs, 8st 2

The following were not placed:—Mr. Orde's ch g The Dancing Master, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb; and Mr. Meiklam's br c Corryvrechan, by Percy, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb. Four declared forfeit.—Even betting on Cyprian agst the field.—The mare made strong running nearly all the way; at the distance she was headed by Burletta, and a beautiful race followed, the Oaks mare winning by a head only; she was beautifully jockeyed by John Gray.

Thursday.—A Gold Cup, or Piece of Plate, value 100*l.*, by subscription of 10 sovs each; the surplus to be paid to the winner in specie; 2 miles.

Mr. Orde's b f Bee's-wing, 3 yrs (T. Lye) 1
Mr. Ramsay's br h Despot, 6 yrs 2
Lord Howick's ch f Burletta, 4 yrs 3

Betting: 3 to 1 on Bee's-wing, 4 to 1 agst Burletta, and 5 to 1 agst Despot.—Despot made running at a bad pace, followed by Burletta, with Bee's-wing waiting on them; Despot kept the lead to the Coal-pit turn, where Bee's-wing challenged; they ran together to the distance, when the mare came out, and won by nearly two lengths.

Sweepstakes of 5 gs each for horses bona fide the property of Members of a Fox hunting Club; two miles; 10 subs.

Mr. Faucus' b h Locksley, 5 yrs (Mr. Donkin) 1
Captain Potts' gr h Cornet, aged 2
Mr. Perkins's b h Contest 3

Mr. Hodgson's Trefold, 4 yrs, and Mr. Clarke's b m Eliza, also started, but were not placed. Won easy.

The Members' Plate of 50 sovs; heats once round and a distance.

Mr. Nicholson's br f Lady Lowman, 5 yrs (T. Lye) 2 1 1
Mr. Jaques' ch f Burletta, 4 yrs ..... 1 2 dr
Col. Cradock's b m Fanny, 6 yrs 3 3 2

Three capital heats.

The Wallsend Hunt Cup, value 50*l.*, for horses, &c., not thorough-bred; heats, two miles.

Mr. Boag's br h Manager, 6 yrs (owner) 1 1
Mr. Faucus's b f Sister to Locksley 3 2
Mr. Smith's br h The Camel, aged 2 3
Mr. Maddison's b h Freeholder, aged 4 4

Chess.—The state of the match for fifty guineas, between the rival chess clubs of Paris and Westminster, being now much in favor of the former, the Parisians have given an intimation of a second challenge, to be decided over the board—three of their leading players to meet three of the Westminster Club, either at Dover, Calais, or Boulogne. Messrs. St. Amand, Boncour, and Mouret, are likely to be deputed by the French club, and the Westminster club would not be at a loss to furnish a double set to meet this array of force, provided their players can find leisure for the jaunt. There is little doubt of the match being played in June or July.

London Paper.

Steeple Chasing in Spain

On the 23d of May two of those spirit-stirring races came off in a beautiful valley, near Santander, over a line extending two miles, intersected by eighteen stone walls, three yawning ditches, and several other fences, when

"The vine on high, the willow-branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

The ground was nearly all grass: and considering the "unseasonable time of the year," not so hard as might have been expected.—The first race was a match for 10*l.*—Major Stuart's bay mare, Irish Jack, ridden by Capt. Skipworth, of the 1st Lancers, (son of Thomas Skipworth, Esq. of Cobourn, Lincolnshire), against Mr. Francis's horse, Jack, ridden by the owner. At starting, Capt. Skipworth took the lead, was never headed, and won in the most gallant style, amidst the merited cheers and acclamations of congregated thousands, all and each of whom evinced unbounded pleasure at witnessing horsemanship of such a novel and daring character. Mr. Francis's horse fell some distance from home. The 2d race, a match for 20*l.* was over the same ground. Dr. Lardner's g m Joaquinita, ridden by Capt. Skipworth, against Capt. Stepierson's b h Zinganee, ridden by the owner. Betting in favor of the mare. At starting Capt. Stepierson took the lead at a good pace, but in charging the third fence he fell and lost his horse. Captain Skipworth carried his mare over in a masterly style, and again won easy, having ridden the greater part of the distance without a competitor. The gallant Captain was highly complimented by Major Stuart, (Commandant of the Convent of Santander); and several Grandees, and other parties of distinction, in most flattering terms, expressed the delight they felt at witnessing a feat, in which so much courage, tact, and skill, are requisite, and had been so eminently exhibited. After the races were over a large party dined at the Convent, with the Commandant, and having to partake freely of Spanish cheer and English hospitality, did not separate until a late hour.

On Friday last a very large otter, 4 feet 4 inches long, and weighing 28lb., was taken in the grounds of Sir Watkins William Wynn, Bart., Wynnstay.

The Ascot Cup is a play or pay race at Tattersall's.

Twenty-one horses started for the Derby this year.

Touchstone and Sheet Anchor have never run together for any Cup, Stakes, &c. &c.

Cymro was not placed for the Buxton Cup. The Racing Calendar and not the lists is the authority.

There have been four horses in England which trotted eighteen miles within the hour—Phenomenon, the Birmingham mare, Little Driver, and Ratler. We might add others.

We have no personal knowledge of a horse having trotted twenty miles in the hour. It has been said it was done in America.

We have often decided that a mare is a horse, although a horse is not a mare.

Mr. Moore's engravings, from drawings by Turner, of the second day's Aylesbury steeple chase, are now in a course of delivery. The portraits of Mr. Dixon's Nonpareil and Cyprian are now nearly complete, and will soon be published.

Dick Curtis is nearer thirty than forty. He is in his thirty-fourth year.

If a man in a prize ring fall upon his hands, and in rising upon his elbow his antagonist strike him, is it a foul blow? And does he claim the battle-money and the bets with it?—Yes.

In betting a bottle of wine it is always usual for the loser to partake.

Under the circumstances stated from Chichester, A may decline his offer to bet—but it is child's play.

The Duke of Wellington did not take part in the storming of Seringapatam, being entrusted with the charge of the reserve. He was, at the time, Colonel of the thirty-third.

Kean did perform Richard the Second before he went to America.

DOGS AND SO ON.

There are some animals that never cease to excite my wonder. "Pa, where did dogs come from?" asked my youngest boy the other day. "From the woods, my son," said I, hesitating, as I often do at these simple questions; for, familiar as I was with the domestic relation of man and dog, though the law books have strangely omitted it, I had not once thought of inquiring into its origin. I took it for granted, that as woman was made from the rib of a man, dogs must have been made so too—they have always been so inseparable from the human race. Of all animals, dogs and cats are the most domestic; yet the law, in its wisdom, makes them out to be *feræ naturæ*—of a savage nature, and therefore not the subject of property or theft. By the law of England, if you steal a cabbage, you may be sent to Botany Bay for seven years; but if you steal my favorite dog, it is not punishable, saith "the perfection of reason," because they are not used to be eaten. There is a civil action for damages to be sure, and that depends upon the estimation by the jury, of his pecuniary value.—But what idea can a jury have of your affection for a favorite dog?—a playful, beautiful, and loving dog?—respectable, withal, and clean; one who has saved your life, and would do it again, at the loss of his own—one that would rather starve with you than feast with a stranger—one that would howl to the moon at your absence, or refuse sustenance over your grave, till he died of grief and hunger? Why, you would rather lose your last coat than part with him. Yet, forsooth, it is no felony to steal or shoot him, because he is not to be fatted and killed for butcher's meat!—a most beef eaten and greasy discrimination, truly—a disgrace to the English character. They manage these things differently in the town where I went to school. A jury there gave three hundred dollars damages against a constable, for wantonly shooting a dog belonging to Squire Twann. It was proved on trial, that this dog was in the habit of taking the horse to water, and leading him to the stable—waking up the servants in the morning—driving up the cows, carrying the children's basket to school—and I have seen him lugging his master's green bag to the court-house—looking as thoughtful, the while, as if the case was his own. He would even take the children to ride upon his master's horse, pulling back and growling anxiously if his brother quadruped attempted to go too fast. If you had seen this sight, you never would deny that these animals had souls, a helpless child upon the back of an animal proverbial for fleetness and strength, and him led by a beast of prey so "savage" that the law declares him not the subject of theft.

Dogs may be divided into large and small, genteel and vulgar—rough and smooth—savage and amiable. There are about as many classes, ranks, and families among them, as among men, and about the same diversity of character and appearance. There is first, your large, quarrelsome, tyrannical dog—wide awake, strong, and wicked—seeking whom he may devour. "Deliver me from the power of this dog," as the pigs corner of Main and Third have it. With a back like a sturgeon, and a tail like a ram's horn—of a disposition to hang on, in spite of cudgels and cold water; and a head that would bite through a crow-bar twenty-four hours after being cut off. This dog followeth butchers' carts—attacketh pigs, cows, and little dogs, he frequenteth low cafes and suspicious neighborhoods near town; he addeth to the misery of animal creation. The cow suspendeth her meditations, and walketh swiftly by on the other side. The pig abstaineth from gastronomical thoughts, be the precincts ever so tempting. The little dogs dare not play at rough and tumble in his presence, for fear of being domineered over, and swept of a year's growth. If you see a butcher's cart driving through town, attended by one of these dogs, you may look out for one continued squall and yelp, from the beginning of the street to the end of it. One of these wretches was the *genius loci* of the corner of Main and Third streets about a year ago. No pig could pass that way and say his soul was his own; his ears at least must suffer the invariable penalty, and the ears of all that heard him. There was not a *whole hog* within fifty yards of the spot. There was a large, lean, ancient grunter, a most dismounted specimen, who had lost one ear. When the enemy came, he would turn to him, not the other, like a Christian, but the smooth side of his head, at the same time giving a nudge with his shoulder, which would send the foe off in a tangent. It was a refreshing sight. There was yet another, who had lost both his ears, his tail, and in fact, had all his rough points so smoothed off, that he was proof against man and beast. But not even a pig is proof against vanity. He never came out till after dark; and of moonlight nights always kept the shady side of the street. I pitied him from my very soul—for if a pig desires any thing next to apple skins, it is peace with his enemies, and the pleasure of twisting his tail to suit himself.

Another kind of abominable to me is your little half-pug, half turnspit—with every disproportionate feature, so huddled together, and making such a low whelpish compound, that folks kick him as a matter of course. How plainly ill-starred and miserable he is! He hath a broad head, sharp nose, pop eyes and flap ears. He hath a short neck and legs, a long body and tail. His gait is a difficult, spread kind of a waddle; for he most mechanically crooketh his elbows, and turneth in his knees—his toes again turneth out—and all this taketh place within the space of three inches. When he turneth a corner, his tail flyeth round like a rudder, almost bringing his hind legs foremost, whereat followeth great scuffling to right ship and tack. He suffereth from a certain absence of *esprit du corps* among his members, none of which being nearer than first cousin to each other, they lack unity of purpose; whereby he passeth his life in a state of personal anxiety, which soureth his outgoings and his incomings.

These are the little dogs which you see of a cold Sunday morning, ranged along the sunny side of small frame houses, with their backs against the doors, shivering and watering at the eyes.

If any of my acquaintances has such a pitiful calamity at his heels, or in his house, message, barn, stable, or other out-house, it is my advice that he sell him soon, or he may lose by him: for I am resolved to write the whole tribe out of market—I have a respect for any definite whole blooded, independent species of animal—even a ground hog; but this nondescript type of degeneracy—this walking image of baseness—this living blasphemy against all rules of natural science, I cannot away with.

I had the pleasure of travelling over the mountains, with one of these outcasts in the bottom of the stage. His master a second Launce, was precisely such a vulgarian as would attach to his person "tame varmints" of this sort—a common man, of low forehead and fleshy mouth, with an obstinate looking shirt-collar sticking up behind his ears. His dog, in addition to the qualities I have mentioned above, had one large projected glazed eye, and a fascinating habit of showing his teeth. Affectionate glances ever and anon passed between him and his master; but for every body else he seemed to eye them with cold suspicion, which, on the slightest provocation, would kindle into deadly hate. This abominable couple kept the whole company sore for about one hundred miles. The first salutation I had, was a grab at my foot from Cupid, as he was called. The attack was so perfectly unprovoked, that I determined to annihilate him at once. It was so dark and crowded that I did not see him. I gave a tremendous kick in the direction I thought he was, which brought my tibia full against the wooden edge of the opposite bench, and the toe of my boot, which was intended to go down Cupid's throat, against the shin of an elderly shaker, who was asleep in the opposite corner; I missed the god of love entirely, who, nevertheless, set up a yelp which waked every one up, and startled the horses off at full gallop. The man of the shirt collar lifted up his voice also: "Can't you let the dog alone—h'es not disturbin' you."

"Sir," said I, (rubbing my leg, and using that cool tone of desperation which concealed agony always imparts,) "I give you distinctly to understand, that when I get hold of your dog, he goes out of the window; and if you say one word that is not perfectly respectful, you go after him."

I was going on to expound the law to him yet more fiercely, when the war broke out in another corner. I could see nothing, but heard a fierce growl, a violent kick, and a yelp. A voice seemed to issue from a chaos of cloaks and umbrellas, saying wonders of terrible import—and three or four pokes of a cane came so near my feet, that I drew my knees swiftly up, striking one of them against the proboscis of a man who was nodding in front of me. I brought him up as straight as a drum-major at review. I apologized just in time to save myself a black eye.

I then heard a rapid knocking upon the bottom of the stage, like a dog scratching himself. The next moment the window flew open; there was a great howling and scrabbling of toes against the sash, a yelp outside, the window closed, and all was silent, except the man with the shirt collar, demanding to be let out. "Let him out," was the cry, and off we rolled, leaving him whistling for his dog, swearing vengeance against us, and throwing stones after the coach. When matters were again composed, a long sigh of relief went round, and we settled ourselves for the night.

With these two exceptions, I have much to say in favor of dogs; but I must reserve that for another time, when I have not so bad a cold in the head,

Cincinnati Mirror.

SWIMMING.

A Lecture delivered before the Analytical and Practical School Lyceum.

It was once the custom of the ancient Romans when they wished to speak of a useless person, to say, *he could neither read nor swim*. This shows us what *they* thought of swimming as a branch of education. But the Romans are not alone in this opinion. *Individuals* in every age and nation have thought it to be of as much importance as the Romans. The governor of Bogota has ordered that the children of the primary school shall be exercised once a week in swimming.

Locke says that no young man should consider his education finished till he has learned how to swim. "'Tis that," says he, "saves many a man's life."

Swimming schools are very common in Paris, Munich, Berlin, Breslau, and many other cities of Europe. There is but one in the United States, which is at Boston.

There are many reasons why you should learn to swim, some of which I will give you. It puts in our power the means of saving our own lives, and perhaps those of others, in those very dangerous situations in which all of us may at some time be placed. Swimming is much better exercise than simple bathing. It strengthens the legs, the muscles of the chest, the abdomen, the lungs, the spine, the neck, the arms, and in short the whole body. The ease with which we can learn this art is an encouragement to attempt. If it were to cost us a seven year's apprenticeship it would be very different. In the Boston swimming school, not one who has ever made a fair experiment has failed of becoming a good swimmer in *one term* of four months, that is, by spending ten or fifteen minutes a day during this time. In 1833, out of the 200 boys that attended the school, not one failed to gain the art of keeping himself above the water, with the greatest ease, for *half an hour* at a time. And a large portion could do this after attending from 8 to 10 lessons.

You may easily learn to swim in this manner.

Choose a place where the water deepens gradually; walk into it till it reaches your breast, then throw an egg between you and the shore in water so deep that you cannot reach it without diving; then plunge after it with your eyes open. By this time you will learn that the water is more able to bear you up than you supposed, and likewise the proper motion of your hands and feet to be used in swimming.

Many who know how to swim injure themselves, or perhaps lose their lives, by neglecting the following general rules; and of course, as you value your health and lives you will observe them.

1 The proper *hour* for swimming or cold bathing, is between 9 and 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

2 We ought always to go into the water when the stomach is nearly or quite empty, *i. e.*, about 4 hours after eating.

3. We should go into the water when the heat and strength are *increasing*, but never when either is *declining*.

4. We should go in *naturally*,—not by plunging head foremost.

5. We should not, generally, go in the water more than three times a week; more than once each day would be positively hurtful; and the time spent in the water should never be more than 30 minutes; generally ten or fifteen minutes is quite long enough; in many cases, however, should fatigue or chills come, we should leave the water immediately, whether we have been in one minute or thirty.

In cold weather, as a substitute for swimming it is well to wash your whole body with warm water, after which you should dry it, with a coarse towel, and then rub it briskly with the hand. This opens the pores and greatly benefits the system; indeed, if it did no good, the delightful sensation it creates, would be a sufficient inducement to practise it through life.

New Brunswick Mirror.

MRS. SIDDONS.

When speaking of beauty of the uncommon cast, he said that the two greatest beauties he had ever seen were Mrs. Fitzherbert and Mrs. Siddons. The former was some years ago, even dazzling in her attraction—Mrs. Siddons commanding, yet of such exceeding delicacy when she was younger, her beauty was much greater when seen off the stage than on it. "I made a drawing of her," he added, "soon after she became so distinguished in London. Till I went to her to make my drawing, I had only seen her on the stage. I was surprised to find that she was so infinitely more beautiful in a private room than at the theatre; but she had the finest union of feature, grace, and expression, that I ever saw in all my life. I am convinced, from the little I knew of her, that, as a private person, there was a great deal of worth in Mrs. Siddons. Her own mind was noble, and that made her acting so. She was exceedingly modest, not prudish in her manners and conversation; grave and dignified, because dignity was the character of her mind and of her person. Those who could not understand her, and seldom saw such natural majesty in any one, set it down for theatrical; many, therefore, said she was always an actress, off as well as on the stage. But it would have been as out of character for her to have formed her manners by those of the ordinary rate of persons, as it would be in a very tall woman to walk stooping, in order to bring herself down to the ordinary stature of her sex. I remember, too, being very much pleased with an instance of her good feeling for her brother John. Kemble played (I believe it was his first night in London) Hamlet at the Haymarket theatre. I sat near her box, and I never shall forget her anxiety, amounting even to agitation, for his success; yet many said that she was of a cold disposition. This was not true; and here her generally calm demeanor was again misunderstood and miscalled. Mrs. Siddons had a fine taste for works of art; she modelled; and I observed that, in painting and in sculpture, the subjects that interested her the most, were always those of grandeur.—She had nothing that was common about her, yet she was entirely free from affectation; nature made dignity her sphere, and she was content to be natural. I do not believe any person could have entertained a light thought in the presence of Mrs. Siddons.

Reminiscences of Stothard.

A MISTAKE.—The most aristocratical street in Berlin is the Wilhelm's Strasse. Here we find the palaces of the king's sons, Charles, Frederic, Albrecht, and August, with those of the Duke of Cumberland, and Prince Radzivil, besides a numerous catalogue of the nobility. In the front of one of these palaces we perceive the words "Hotel de Radzivil;" and the Berliners relate, that an English lady and gentleman having arrived at Berlin, resolved upon obtaining refreshment and rest at this fine looking hotel; and seeing a couple of empty carriages in the courtyard, they nothing doubted the correctness of their belief. Having come to this determination, the next point was to put it in execution; but as neither of them could speak a word of German, they were obliged therefore, to have recourse to the language of pantomime; and having, through this medium, made the post-boy stop, they next, by the same mute eloquence, ordered the servants (whose acquisitions as linguists were confined to their native Polish and a little German), to convey their luggage up stairs, and bring them some refreshments. The domestics, who, from the elegant appearance and manners of the strangers, concluded that they were the invited guests of their prince, supplied them with every thing they requested. Our travellers were in raptures; their admiration was unbounded at the elegance of the appointments, the courtesy of the attendants, and the Berlin hotels were pronounced the *beau ideal* of perfection. The prince returned the following day, and immediately, on hearing the details, surmised the truth, was delighted with the mistake, and detained his unconscious guests for some days, ignorant of the blunder, till their reiterated demands for the bill produced an *eclaircissement*, to the great amusement of the prince, and the confusion of our English travellers.

THE CRIM. CON. AFFAIR.

The great legal event of the week has, to use a sporting phrase, "come off" precisely as we from the first predicted. Our readers are well aware that we never assume a position upon any public question without being in possession of the best possible reasons to justify us for such assumption; the verdict of acquittal will not therefore be to them a matter of surprise;—to *us* we honestly confess it is a source of heartfelt gratification, from the proud conscious feeling that we have exerted our humble advocacy to insure justice to a calumniated lady, and defeat the machinations of a deep-laid conspiracy formed against the honor and the purse of a noble, honorable, and distinguished political opponent.

With a tenderness to which the promoters of this suit had no claim, we touched delicately upon those points which ought to have deterred them from proceeding in their dangerous course. They well knew that WE were in possession of all the *facts* of the case—that the *concealed* private and malignant motives of the *irresponsible* advisers of the prosecution, as well as the infamou character of their principal witnesses, were not unknown to us. On this w spoke boldly, resting our own justification on time and circumstances; and we have not been disappointed.

In the full conviction of that ignominy which we foresaw would brand the promoters if defeated, we implored them to spare the feelings of unoffending relatives and friends—to withdraw the record, rather than deluge and disgust society with exposures equally offensive to morality as they were opposed to truth. Cautiously abstaining from any interference with the course of justice, we drew a supposed case, in which we embodied the principal features of the evidence that has since been adduced, and having thus shown the foulness of the charge, we intreatingly said that if they had no pity for their intended victims, they ought at least to remember the mercenary precept of self-preservation, and reflect upon the appalling retribution which was sure to follow the destruction of their revengeful scheme; but, alas, they were inexorable—they had barred the gates of conscience against the artillery of reason—with a bold spirit in a bad cause they rushed headlong into that gulf of misery from which no human power can extricate them.

Of "the UNFORTUNATE GEORGE NORTON," as the Attorney General justly designated the plaintiff, we would fain believe that he has been a tool in the hands of more dangerous and designing men. The pity we extend to him is a tribute of consideration for his injured wife and children; trusting that he may yet renounce his error, denounce his fiendish instigators, and make the only *amende* he can to her whom he has so deeply injured, by restoring to her proper station in society his amiable, affectionate, beautiful and highly-gifted partner.—Let him do this, and the better part of the world will approve his repentance, the noble defendant forgive the injustice of his accusation, and the mother for the sake of her children no doubt, endeavor to forget the unfounded suspicion of dishonor.

However, be this as it may, the lady will again be invited and received in that society of which she is both the grace and ornament. It is due to the trial she has passed, to the foul conspiracy which has been defeated, that such demonstration of her innocence should be immediate and decisive. Were it otherwise, the unblemished reputation of every wife and mother might be blighted by the subornation of discarded servants of the most infamous character—reptiles, who, having lost all other means of subsistence, would willingly become the mercenary instruments of gross invention and diabolical outrage.

In no instance that we can remember has the office of the Judge been more exalted in the estimation of the country. The charge of Lord Chief Justice Tindal, was a model of rigid impartiality—and the unhesitating verdict of the twelve gentlemen who tried the cause, a proud specimen of that sound judgment ever the distinguishing characteristic of a British Jury.

We have openly alluded to certain secret motives for this unwarrantable proceeding; and in doing so, we have always repudiated the report of its originating in political motives on the part of those distinguished persons who take the lead in the Conservative cause. The imputation could only exist in the base mind of the unscrupulous factionist of the opposite party. No; the true motives are to be traced to family feuds, and a secret and revengeful hatred on the part of the husband and his relations. It ought to be known that the separation of the 29th of March was not the *only instance* where outraged feelings had compelled the lady to seek the protection of her relatives. Would "the unfortunate GEORGE NORTON" like us to print a relation of a similar affair, which occurred thirteen months since, when, at his imploring solicitation and promises of better treatment, his afflicted wife was induced to return again to his house? In neither case was it attempted or could it be proved, that Lord MELBOURNE or anybody else was in any, even a remote degree, the cause of these separations. To the literary talent and influence of his wife, Mr. NORTON is indebted for the means of holding his present station in society; and therefore *other ties* than those of affection ought to have operated in the prevention of an exposure so disastrous to himself.

The evidence was of that disgusting character, that, although the Attorney-General had a host of witnesses ready, he felt it unnecessary to rebut it by their production. Sir WILLIAM FOLLETT, always a gentleman and an eminent lawyer, evidently felt it to be an unsupportable case; while, on the other hand, Sir JOHN CAMPBELL was powerful beyond any example in the brilliant career of his professional duties.

We cannot dismiss this subject without adverting to the strong proof of the *aminus* displayed by the promoters of the suit, by allowing the introduction of the insignificance of the toilet as evidence of guilt. Could any thing be more contemptible? But the matter cannot end here—it is now the duty of the lady's friends to insist upon that retributive justice which all the world will admit is her due.

London Age of 26th June.

A LOVEABLE WOMAN.

The editor of the Boston Morning Post remarks, that the elegant author of *Pelham*, in some of his portraits of female character, gives those traits, and those combinations of rare qualities, which constitute his *beau ideal* of a lady formed to be loved and admired. Here follows one of them, with which every fair reader may compare herself, and thus discover, in some measure, her own perfections and imperfections in that respect,—or how far she is calculated, more or less than others, to inspire the other sex with the tender passion.

"She was somewhat, but not much, taller than the ordinary height; and her figure, which united all the *freshness* and *youth* of the *girl* with the more luxuriant *graces* of the *woman*, was rounded and finished so justly, so minutely, that the eye could glance over the whole without discovering the least harshness, or even unevenness, or atom to be added or subtracted.—But over all these was a *light*, a *glow*, a *pervading spirit*, of which it is impossible to convey the faintest idea. She was apparently about twenty. Her hair was of the richest chesnut. Her eyes were of a light hazel, large, deep, and shaded into softness by long and very dark lashes.

"There was nothing about her like a *heroine*. *I hate your heroines.* She had, moreover, none of that 'modest ease,' that 'quiet dignity,' that 'English grace,' (Lord help us!) of which certain writers speak with such applause. Thank Heaven, *she was* ALIVE. She had great sense, but with the playfulness of a child; extreme rectitude of mind, but with the tenderness of a gazelle. If she laughed, all her countenance, lips, eyes, forehead, cheeks laughed too;—'paradise seemed opened in her face.' If she looked grave, it was such a lofty and *upward*, yet sweet and gentle gravity, that you might have supposed, from the model of her countenance, a *new order of angels*, between the cherubim and seraphim,—*the angels of Love and Wisdom*. She was not, perhaps, quite so *silent* in society, as my individual taste would desire;—but when she spoke, it was with a *propriety of thought and diction*, which made me lament when her voice had ceased. It was as if something beautiful in creation had stopped suddenly."

The following characteristics of a *gentleman to be loved*, may be added from the same writer:—

"She remarked in her lover only a *figure* every where unequalled,—an *eye* always eloquent with admiration,—a *step* from which grace could never be divorced,—a *voice* that spoke in a silver tone, and uttered flatteries delicate in thought and poetical in word. Even a certain *originality* of mind, remark and character, occasionally approaching to the *bizarre* or eccentric, yet sometimes also to the elevated, possessed a charm for the imagination of a young and not unenthusiastic female, and *contrasted favorably*, rather than the reverse, with the *dull insipidity* of those she *ordinarily* saw."

OBSERVATIONS ON HAPPINESS.—How heartily have I laughed at the absurdity of mankind. Happiness, indeed, where ten seek to obtain her, not one strives to deserve it. Think of this, my friends! think of this. What a world it is! where we desire so much, and deserve so little! Happiness must needs be had, yet no one knows what it means; one expects to find it on the boundless ocean, another in a bottle of brandy. The sapient sages of antiquity were as great simpletons as ourselves; they, forsooth, must be happy, but the wisest of them differed in opinion; one sought happiness in a tub, another in a tankard. No wonder that you and I are puzzled about happiness, when the tongue of the eloquent and the pen of the learned have never yet described it. I have sat up whole nights to read what has been written, and to arrive at a conclusion, but in vain; for what can we gather from the past, when the recorded annals of ages inform us, that the martyr has rejoiced in the fire, while the conqueror of the world was found weeping? There are a thousand opinions about happiness—who? and what? and where is it? I believe it to be nothing more than a wild-goose, or why should there be so many wild-goose chases to obtain it? I have long been of this opinion, and many are the times that I have beat among the bushes; frequently have I thought that I heard her; sometimes that I saw her; all a mistake, my friends! all a mistake. My neighbors, too, wise as myself, used to assist me; one saw her here, another there, and many had heard of her being yonder. Not a word of truth in it, my friends! I assure you. I am too old for these pranks now, and have other things to attend to. Old Toby has other game in view. The sports of this world suit me not as they used to do; but remember, my friends! happiness is certainly a wild-goose, and difficult, indeed, to be caught. For fourscore years have I followed her through the miry marshes of this troublesome world, and even now know not the length of her wings, nor the color of a single feather in her tail.

Old Toby's Address to his Friends.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1836.

ON-DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

A Sweepstakes, four mile heats, is concluded to come off in Feb. next, over the Rapides Course, Alexandria, La., $1000 entrance, and an inside stake of $2000 a-side, between Messrs. Wells and Duplantier:—

Thos. J. Wells names *Dick Chin*, 3 yrs., by Sumpter, dam by Orphan.
F. Duplantier names *Lauderdale*, 5 y. by Sir Archy, d. Imp. Stoughton Lass.
M. Jones names *Warlock*, [pedigree not stated in our letter.]

Col. Sidney Burbridge, of near Frankfort, Ky., offers to enter *Rodolph* in a Sweepstakes, four mile heats, subscription $5000, h. ft., to come off after his match race with *Angora*, or in the spring of 1837.—Five or more to make a race. If required, Rodolph will go to any part of the Union, but his owner suggests the Central Course, Baltimore, and a very good one it is.

A letter from Lexington, Ky., states that it was a Mr. Perry, of Demopolis, Ala., and not Mr. John G. Perry, the Turfman, that recently lost his life near Mobile. A gentleman from Natchez says *he is* dead. Will Mr. Perry just be good enough to say so, if he *is* dead.

The Fall meeting of the Fairfield (Va.) Jockey Club commences on the 18th Oct. next. On the 1st day comes off a match for $5000 a-side, half forfeit, four mile heats, between *Admiral*, by Barefoot, 4 years old, (the property of Robert Tillotson, Esq., of New York,) and Margaret Armistead, by Apparition, 4 years old, the property of John Heth, Esq., of Va. On the second day a match between Mr. Isham Pucket's c. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 3 years old, and Mr. Richard Adams' b. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Remus, 3 years old, two mile heats, $1000 a-side, half forfeit.

Major H. T. Duncan, of Ky., sold a few days since, to Mr. N. Fitch, four colts, the produce of *Ophelia*, (the dam of Caroline Scott,) as to wit:—A 3 yr. old, by Contract, for $1000—a 2 yr. old, by Trumpator, $500—a yearling, by Woodpecker, $500—a colt by the side of his dam by Archie of Transport, $1000; the last is full br. to Caroline Scott, and half br. to Rodolph.

The Lexington (Ky.) Jockey Club have adopted the same weights as are carried over the Virginia and Maryland courses. We trust the clubs at Keysburg, Franklin, Gallatin, etc. will follow the example.

Our Kentucky and Tennessee correspondents inform us that both *Rodolph* and *Angora* are in fine order. The latter was expected at Louisville last week; Rodolph was not expected to leave Mr. Burbridge's stable, near Frankfort, until a few days before the match, which comes off on the 21st Sept. The following advertisement appeared in the last number of the Kentucky Gazette:—

Angora against *Rodolph*, and *Lilac* against *Mistletoe*: or Tennessee against Kentucky.—$2000 will be bet that Angora will beat Rodolph, and $2000 that Lilac will beat Mistletoe, at the Louisville races, next Fall. Enquire of the editors of the Intelligencer. Lexington, July 29, 1836.

New Jersey takes the field for the Fall campaign in great force. Captain Stockton's *Longford*, (imp., by Peri, out of Starch,) that won the great Sweepstakes at Washington, only made a beginning last Spring, and *Middlesex* and *Monmouth* are said to be fine. *Powhattan*, a Tonson colt, trained at Trenton, and a gr. Medley c. out of Charlotte Pace, may be put down *ditto*. *Mingo*, at Mr. Laird's training stable, is in fine health, and promises to cut out work for the fast ones. Mr. Gibbons' young stock never looked so well as at present. *Merrygold*, by Barefoot, out of Meg Dodds, *Theodore*, a Bussorah colt, etc. with half a dozen others, are in his stable. He has some two year olds, that are as fine as could be desired. Mr. Van Mater has a tip top string of three year olds, with *Arbitrator* as a corps de reserve.

Henry Archy has been sold to Dr. E. A. Darcy, who has taken him out to Illinois. He will make some of them ache in that region before he goes off the turf.

The two new courses at Camden, N. J., are steadily progressing towards completion. It is understood that one will be finished so that we may anticipate a meeting upon it in the Fall.

Bay Maria will *not* come North this Fall, and Trifle's sister has been sent home to Carolina, to fight it out with *Bascomb* and *Bill Austin*. We are concerned to hear that the latter has become so blind that it is a matter of doubt whether he will be sufficiently recovered to train for the next campaign. We trust he may, for none would more regret success than Col. Hampton, if it was owing to the misfortune of his friends. If no accident befals his stable, those of Georgia and Carolina will have their hands full the ensuing season.

The "Napoleon of the Turf," Col. Johnson of Va., has a mighty smart lot in training: among them *Ironette*, *Argyle*, *Juliana*, etc., besides a field of young things. Argyle has not yet perfectly recovered from the wound in his mouth, received a day or two before his match with Bascomb. Very little importance was attached to it generally at the time, but it appears to have been quite severe, and it is now everywhere conceded that he was in no condition to make a race. A gentleman just from Virginia informs us that Argyle will astonish the natives yet. As Mr. Ritchie of that State always says, "*Nous verrons*."

Mr. John C. Stevens sent *Black Maria*, *Cora*, and *Floranthe* to *Henry* this season, (standing near the Union Course, L. I.) Mr. Garrison, of Norfolk, Va., sent *Sally Hornet* and *Eliza White*. The dams of *Goliah* and *Medoc* were also in Henry's seraglio, sent by Mr. Walter Livingston, and Mr. Robert Tillotson.

Black Heath is in training, we hear, in Virginia. Glad of it. Pray bring him North, Mr. Adams. We want to see him in a field with Post Poy, Mingo, Clara Howard, Argyle, and the entries of Capt. Stockton and Col. Johnson.

Mr. Bathgate's (Mr. Wilkes') *Dr. Syntax* and his *Tramp* c. are both in training. Mr. B.'s young stock at West Farms, N. Y., is uncommonly promising.

Mr. Robert L. Stevens is erecting near the Union Course the most splendid breeding and training establishment in America. The stable covers an acre and a half of ground, and is so contrived that his horses can be trained under cover. In massive beauty and utility of arrangement, it will vie, when completed, with Beardsworth's celebrated Repository at Birmingham. The racing stock of Mr. S. is as fine as it is extensive; most of it is young, however. Conover, the trainer, informs us that *Envoy*, (Mr. Wilkins' imp. colt,) in Mr. S.'s stable, has been sent home to Pittsburg, Pa., and we expect every day to see the "Manufacturer" of that ilk flare up with a prodigious paragraph on the occasion. *Flatterer* will not be trained this season probably.

Mr. B. B. Seaman has *Dustyfoot* and *Menas* (5 yrs. by Eclipse, out of a Filho mare,) in training at Mr. McCoun's stable on Long Island. Mr. W. Livingston also has there a fine untried gr. Barefoot colt, out of Betsey Ransom.

There is a company forming in Mississippi for the purpose of importing *Priam*, if he can be purchased under $50,000! An effort will be made to secure the services of *Rowton* or *Leviathan* in that State next year; they are so popular, however, in South Carolina and Tennessee that we doubt if they will be suffered to leave their present locations.

Jerry does not go out to England with *Blackbird*, the trotting horse. Blackbird and his match sailed on Tuesday in the Oxford for Liverpool. The Hon. C. A. Murray (their owner) also carried with him a slight sporting wagon, that will be considered "rather varment" at Hyde Park Corner.

The *Spot* horse, a fast trotting nag from this section, has arrived safe in England we hear. *Confidence* has also been sent out; he is one of the handsomest trotting horses on the turf. John C. Craig, Esq., sailed for Europe last week in the Algonquin.

Mr. John C. Stevens will bring a capital string of good ones on the track this Fall. He has at his stable on Long Island several three and four year olds, that are highly promising, besides the beautiful *Clara Howard*, and *Dosoris*, the winner of the great Sweepstakes last Spring. *Veto*, in the same stable, is not in training; he was drawn lame in his race with Post Boy, Ironette, etc., last Spring, and has not fully recovered. *Cadmus* is well, and Van Leer expects great things of him if entered on the three mile day.

Buckley is said to be very sanguine of Mr. Tillotson's lot. *Post Boy* is in perfect health, and *Tarquin* (Mr. Alston's) is looking fine. *Admiral* has been fired and blistered, but trusts to render a good account of himself in his coming match at Fairfield, Va., with his former antagonist, Margaret Armistead. *Coronet* is not in training we hear.

A distinguished Mississippi turfman writes us that *Angora* is owned by a gentleman in the vicinity of Natchez, Miss. [She is in Gen. Mabry's stable, of Tennessee.] Most of the Mississippi sportsmen, our correspondent writes, will visit Kentucky to attend her race with *Rodolph*. If the favorite daughter of the great Leviathan is beaten by the Kentucky champion, one hundred Cotton Plantations will change owners.

A friend writes from Mississippi:—"You must not be surprised to see a stable from this State wending its way North to the Central and Union Courses in the Fall of 1837, with Angora at its head. Such a scheme is in contemplation, and the wealth and enterprize of the projector will render him a dangerous competitor even among your Napoleons and Wellingtons."

The Regatta of the N. Y. Boat Club Association, will come off on the 19th of next September. Ten boats are already nominated. There will be three prizes rowed for; 2 for 6 oars and the other for 4 oars. Several Clubs from the neighboring cities are expected to join the Regatta.

Mr. Isaac Snedeker on the Island has [Mr. Coster's] *Ajax*, and [Mr. Wilson's] half sister to Cadmus, 3 yrs. old, in training, besides several on his own account—*Mark Moore*, *Jane Lynch*, etc. Mr. S. is also training an Arab colt which is described as likely to prove an ugly customer.

Any gentleman desirous of purchasing a very fine brood mare, may hear of one on application to the Editor. She was foaled 7th May, 1831, and got by American Eclipse out of Sally Slouch, by Virginian. She is a black mare of fine size and shape, and comes of noted racing stock.

Hammond writes that he has a hard stable to beat this Fall, now in training, at Augusta, Ga. In looking over his list of race nags, we must confess one might find "softer places" than on his circuit. Among others, he has *John Bascomb*, *Bill Austin*, *Hickory John*, *Long Measure*, and *Lady Celeste*, [formerly *Netty*, the imp. Velocipede filly, we presume]. He has also in training a *two* year old colt by Sir Henry out of an Eclipse mare, the latter out of Robin Hood's dam, that he thinks "will make a Bascomb," besides a very promising 3 year old colt by John Richards. Hammond says "nothing but steam power can go ahead of this stable, and I should like the fastest and stoutest to come here and measure themselves." He continues—

"I see in your paper that *the Locomotive*, on one of the New Jersey Rail-Roads, has challenged Post Boy and Bascomb to run *sixty* miles, carrying 114 *tons*, for $10,000! I will run *John Bascomb* against the Locomotive four mile heats, with 114 *pounds* on each, provided the Locomotive will run upon rails laid round the Kendall Course, Baltimore, and give Bascomb ten yards the start, so that the sparks and cinders shall not fly in his eyes. Or I will run *Post Boy*, (if Mr. Tillotson will loan him to me), against the Locomotive on the same terms, around the Union Course. If Locomotive is anxious for the race, the quicker it gets its steam up the better. I won't run a straight four miles, but on a circular track Post Boy or Bascomb can beat anything in the shape of a Locomotive, any way they can fix it, and Bill Austin, Post Boy, and Bascomb, can beat any three horses in the Union, between this time and January, 1837."

Mr. James Brown, of the Hunting Park Trotting Course, Philadelphia, writes us that in answer to Mr. Walter's challenge to trot his horse *Rolla* against Mr. Brown's *Mount Holly* (*vide* Spirit of the Times of last Saturday), he replied by letter that he would have been pleased to accept it, but that Mount Holly was previously engaged in a match which, in the letter, was named to Mr. Walters. Mr. Brown further states, that his letter contained a request, that the correspondence between the parties be laid before the Sporting World through our columns. As that request has not been acceded to, he requests us to state the facts, and adds:—

"They [referring to Mr. Walters and his friends] have bet me $1000 to $500 that my horse *Mount Holly* cannot perform *Twenty Miles in the Hour*, the match to come off between this and the last of October. I shall probably attempt it about the last Tuesday in September. The match is a hard one, and I think will be attractive, as there is no undertaking of the kind on record. I have, however, the utmost confidence in the speed and bottom of my horse."

Mr. Brown's letter is dated Aug. 13th, and was written after the receipt of our paper in Philadelphia last week. We are in the dark as to the Course selected for the match, but presume the Hunting Park will be fixed upon.

On the 2d page of to-day's paper the reader will find a communication from the Turf Register, under the caption of "Bascomb and Post Boy," to which we have attached a note relative to the bantering between the friends of the rival champions, subsequent to the match. "The facts are not otherwise than there set down," and we desire to call attention to it in justice to all concerned.

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

The performances at the Park during the week past have been of a peculiarly interesting character, though the elite of the stock company are enjoying for a brief space their *otium cum dignitate* in the country. Consequently, Povey, Mrs. Archer, and Miss Turnbull are promoted, and Messrs. Isherwood and Watson glorified by being thrust into characters totally unsuited to their calibre. The two last, with a Mrs. Watson, are new comers, and, we suppose, are only engaged for the summer season. Mr. Watson excels pre-eminently in making himself as disagreeable as possible, while Isherwood is "most tolerable and not to be endured." We make no doubt such additions will be made to the stock company in Sept. as shall render it worthy the metropolitan theatre of America, while the worthy manager, we trust, will consult his own interests, and the wishes of the best friends of Old Drury, by accepting the resignations of several that but add to the expense of his corps, without a corresponding addition to its strength.

We have alluded to the interesting character of recent entertainments at the Park. They were so from being the occasion of the introducion of several old favorites, the farewell of another, and the debut of a new candidate for popular applause. John Reeve's benefit on Monday introduced "Old Barnes" and Miss Watson. The house was crammed, and the several pieces went off with great spirit. At the fall of the curtain, Major Noah informs us that Reeve was loudly called for, when he made his appearance in a very ludicrous manner, as "Tag," in the Spoiled Child. He expressed his sincere gratitude for the manner in which he had been treated in this country—alluded to the manner of his first appearance among us, and his subsequent melioration of conduct; happily stating that he was not accustomed to extemporaneous speaking, and asserting that it had been his failing, not his fault; and

"If to my fate some trivial errors fall,
Look in my face, and pray forget them all."

He then asserted that he came hither to avoid an engagement with one who would not give him his own terms last year, but with whom he had agreed to act one season more "for auld acquaintance sake," as he had been connected with him for 17 years. He then happily alluded to the benefit to be given to Old Barnes on Wednesday evening. "One good turn," said he, "deserves another. John Barnes—I mean Old Jack—your favorite, has assisted me this evening, and Young Jack (striking his left breast) will assist Old Jack on Wednesday, when, I trust, I shall have the honor of once more appearing before you." He was warmly applauded, and after he retired, the audience gave him three hearty cheers.

Mr. Oxley made his debut on Tuesday in Hamlet, and a Mr. Baynes in the character of Polonius. The latter is from London, and the former is a native artist, who appeared some time since at Albany with eclat. We regret not having been present, as Mr. Oxley is described as a young gentleman of unquestionable ability. One of our contemporaries, (and a man of taste and discernment too,) remarks to this effect:—

"The personation of the prince—one of the most intricate and difficult characters Shakspeare ever drew—by Mr. Oxley, was a most chaste and well conceived performance; perhaps more so than any other that has been witnessed on that stage since the Hamlet of Conway. He is a young man of graceful person and action, pleasant countenance, and an excellent voice of which he has great control; and with proper assiduity and care, he cannot fail of soon becoming a successful claimant of the first rank in his profession. Mr. Baynes made some very good points in Polonius, and appears to be well qualified for sustaining that kind of characters. The audience, which was numerous and highly respectable, gave them both a hearty welcome, and repeated demonstrations of high approval to the young tragedian."

Barnes' benefit on Wednesday was the very thing that might have been anticipated—a bumper. Mrs. Barnes, whom we have not seen before this season, played with great spirit, though suffering from indisposition. One was reminded of "good old times" to see her, Mrs. Hilson, and "Old Jack" in the same piece.

The tragedy of Romeo and Juliet on Thursday introduced Mr. Oxley as the love-stricken hero, and Miss Charlotte Barnes as "the fair Capulet." This pretty and gifted young lady has vastly improved since we last saw her. The ladies pronounce Mr. Oxley "a very nice young man—very," so that his future reputation depends entirely upon the assiduity with which he grapples with the obstacles that beset a young tragedian's advancement.

"And last not least" in sterling talent, or the estimation of the public, comes Mr. Clarke, whose benefit on Friday introduced "two tender saplings from the time-worn parent tree," in the guise of Misses Fanny and Rosetta Clarke, as Justin and Paul, in the Wandering Boys. The substantial manifestations of the good feeling of the public on this occasion, were as worthy of the votaries of the Drama, as eminently deserved by the recipient.

Mr. Power was to sail from Liverpool in the Geo. Washington, the packet of the 24th, to open the ensuing season at the Park, and is hourly expected. Mr. Flynn, of the National, with several new people, are expected by the same packet.

The doors of the National theatre will be thrown open to the public on Monday, the 29th inst. What, with new managers, actors, scenery, dresses, and decorations, the establishment is likely to be both profitable and popular. A meeting of the company was held yesterday in the Green Room; already the number is pretty formidable. The house is to be "consecrated to the Drama" by the performance of the tragedy of Venice Preserved, in which Miss Clifton is to sustain the principal character of Belvidera.

It is not yet determined at which house Mr. Forrest is to appear, nor, indeed, whether he will play at all during his brief sojourn among us.

Some of the papers state that Madame Malibran was to sail on the 18th of July from London to New Orleans. We doubt it. None of our English papers allude to such a circumstance, and at our last advices she was quite as attractive as ever in London. Without adverting to the fact, that in all probability she would first come to New York if she came at all, as the city that had the taste to discover, and the feeling to nurture to maturity that divine voice, which has since enchanted all Europe, it is "enough said" to remark, that Latham, Caldwell's agent, only sailed from this port about a month since, so that it is utterly impossible that intelligence of any engagements made by him can be known here. Besides, to realize the same amount produced by her salary and concert singing, our managers would be obliged to give her *their entire receipts* during her engagements. It would require them, like Rathbun, to "do a great stroke of business" to make money in that way.

One of our correspondents proposes to get up a deputation among the votaries of the drama in our principal cities, to wait upon Miss Fanny Kemble, now Mrs. Butler, and offer her such inducements as shall secure her return to the stage. They would not "potter" with the lady long, we take it, nor "dawdle" either, for the matter of that. Her husband would "brain them with my lady's FAN!"

Povey, of the Park, Russell's agent in this city, has engaged for him Messrs. Abbott, Balls, Scott, and Cobbett, with Mesdames Lewis, and Shaw, and a young lady of great vocal talent from Covent Garden theatre, London, her first appearance in America, besides many other artists of acknowledged talent, which will make Mr. Russell's several companies west and in New Orleans equal to any in the Union. We more than all regret that Mrs. Shaw leaves us.

We see from the police reports that Mr. W. E. Burton, the comedian, of Phila. recently had his pockets picked at Niblo's Garden of $120. Would he play a short engagement here, he might return notwithstanding, with twice as much money in both pockets.

As Barnes was passing the steps of one of our fashionable hotels the other day, a gentleman remarked to his friend, "There goes Old Barnes!" "That old Barnes! Pooh! Why, Barnes is fifty years old at least!" "A dozen of champagne it is him, notwithstanding!" "Done! and we'll leave it to himself." "Done!" said the other, and overtaking him, they very courteously accosted our facetious friend—frankly stated their object, and received in reply to their question, whether he was really Old Barnes himself, "No! You don't take me for *Old* Barnes, my father, I hope! I supposed every body knew that Old Barnes died four years ago at the Richmond Hill theatre. But I'm his oldest son, though, so people now call *me* 'Old Barnes!'" The result was, that the *young* Mr. Barnes drank the memory of "Old Barnes" in a few bottles of the champagne.

In playing The Water Party, at the Park a few nights since, the characters were all in the highest spirits, and many was the good thing volunteered by the dramatis personæ. For the first time this many a day, Mrs. Wheatley indulged in a genuine hearty laugh. Mrs. Gurner and John Fisher provoked it all. Those who have seen the farce will remember that a table cloth is spread on the grass for a pic-nic dinner. Well, after selecting a suitable plot of ground, the party gathered around, with their baskets and bottles of eatables and drinkables, when Fisher proceeded to spread the cloth. "Oh what a *sight* was there, my countrymen!" The table cloth would have frightened a laundress "from her propriety;" it looked for all the world as if a giblet pie or a cat had been confined in it. Fisher, "*aside*," accused Mrs. Starchbottom of having sat upon it in the boat, and then turning round, as it was exhibited to the audience, he asked with great sang froid, "Why who in the world threw the table cloth into that puddle, there? It looks enough to scare the knives and forks!"

The Chesnut-street theatre, Philadelphia, opens on Monday next.

Mr. KENDALL'L benefit will take place at Niblo's Garden on Wednesday evening next, when his brother Edward, the Professor of the Bugle, and Miss Eveline Cowan will appear, in addition to the Watsons, and other popular professors of music, now at the Garden. Mr. Kendall is undoubtedly at the head of his profession in this country, and his endeavors to please, joined to his great talent and estimable private character, entitle him to the cordial support of the public.

Our friend, "Figaro the Second," is "the great creature" at Saratoga. His horses and his tiger, are the theme of general remark, while his lady is toasted as the belle of the Springs, and has made as great a sensation as did Miss S. of Salem, or Miss W. of Florida, last season.

New Brighton, on Staten Island, seems almost a creation of the magic lamp of Aladdin. Some princely residences are erecting there, and the whole island appears to be cut up into building lots. Milford's Belmont House is the great centre of attraction to the ladies, real estate speculators, and people desirous of enjoying themselves.

The Hudson River line of steamboats are praised so universally everywhere, that if we chose to be odd, we should say nothing. We take great pleasure in saying, however, that the enterprising owners are rapidly making their fortunes, as they should, for better captains or boats never floated on the North River.

The last Liverpool Journal publishes a very interesting letter from Dr. Townsend, the gifted assistant editor of the Evening Star, occupying several columns, in which the Doctor gives a detailed account of the causes which led to the war in Texas, its result, etc., which must greatly interest the English reader.

VAN BUREN HARBOR, *Lake Erie*.—Our attention has been called to a report made by Samuel B. Cushing, Esq., Civil Engineer of the New Harbor of Van Buren, on Lake Erie, so called in honor of the Vice President of the United States. We are personally unacquainted with the merits of this harbor, but judging from the report of Mr. Cushing, whose veracity renders its accuracy unquestionable, we are disposed to consider it a place of no small importance. It appears from the report, to possess many natural advantages, which, improved by a trifling appropriation from government, we think will bear Mr. Cushing out in the assertion, that Van Buren will be superior to any harbor from Buffalo to Erie. Attached to the report is a chart of this harbor, also one of Dunkirk, a neighboring rival of long standing.

We have heard Van Buren mentioned as the terminating point of New-York and Erie rail roads; and Mr. Cushing's report, if correct, (which we doubt not), taken in connection with the professions of the Directors of the Rail Road Company, must we think give it, if not a positive right, a decided preference.

English Sporting Varieties.

Latest State of the Odds, 3d July.

The betting since our last report has been flat and uninteresting, and leaves little room for comment. The few engagements entered into on the July Stakes have made Lord Oxford's filly as good a favorite as Brother to Beiram, whose friends have shown no disposition to keep him in his place. The Fille de Joie filly retains her position, while Rigadoon, as a necessary result, has declined.—No others mentioned.—No change whatever in either of the races at Goodwood. For the St. Leger, Wedge has gained so rapidly on Gladiator, that a bet of 500 even was made between them on Thursday; the Irish nag, however, had half a point the worst of the betting at the close of the week, Gladiator's friends having taken the odds to some amount at 5 to 1, and offered to go on. Trapball was on the go on Monday, but rallied on the next betting-day, and is now almost as good a favorite as ever. The Rachel colt gave way a point on the advance of Gladiator, and neither Bee's-wing nor Vulture stand so well as when we last quoted the odds against them. The Matilda colt, Demetrius (a dark horse of Mr. J. Sadler's), and the Bombasine colt were backed on Monday at rather long prices, considering the smallness of the field, and have had no friends since. Redshank continues at last week's prices.

JULY STAKES, P. P.

9 to 4 agst Fille de Joie filly	3 to 1 agst Bro. to Beiram
5 to 2 —— Lord Exeter's lot	6 to 1 —— Rigadoon
3 to 1 —— Angelica filly	

GOODWOOD CUP, P. P.

4 to 1 agst Hornsea | 6 to 1 agst Bran (taken) | 8 to 1 agst Silenus

Bay Middleton is declared not to start.

GOODWOOD STAKES, P. P.

5 to 1 agst Rockingham | 12 to 1 agst Oak-apple (t) | 16 to 1 agst Rush (t)

STAKE AT LIVERPOOL.

2 to 1 on Vulture agst Trapball, p. p. (taken).—It is doubtful whether the latter will show for it.

ST. LEGER.

5 to 1 agst Gladiator (taken freely)	12 to 1 agst Redshank (taken)
11 to 2 —— Wedge	16 to 1 —— Vulture (taken)
7 to 1 —— Trapball (8 to 1 t. freely)	20 to 1 —— Matilda (taken)
10 to 1 —— Elis (no backers)	30 to 1 —— Demetrius (taken)
11 to 1 —— Rachel colt	30 to 1 —— Bombasine colt [taken]
12 to 1 —— Bee's-wing [taken]	

ASCOT CUP—1837.

500 to 100 has been taken about Bay Middleton, p. p.

Bay Middleton.—Mr. Herring's portrait of Bay Middleton, published by Messrs. Fuller, will be ready for delivery in the course of the coming week. It is certainly an admirable likeness, full of life and spirit, with all the natural action of the horse.

Nonpareil.—Mr. Davie's portrait of Mr. Dixon's celebrated trotting mare Nonpareil, which recently performed the 100 miles in a time unprecedented in this country, is now out. It is a good likeness, and Stacy, the driver, will speak for himself. The picturesque scenery of the surrounding country gives greater interest to the portrait, and makes it highly interesting.

It is remarkable that Filho, Walton, Woful, Whalebone, and nearly all the eminent stallions, have got better runners in their old, and, as we should suppose, declining years, than when in the season of youth, freshness and vigor. So, with Partizan that died last year, Glaucus, Gladiator, Cyprian, Venison, Athenian, and Alfred are of his get. It is reported [of course we do not vouch for its accuracy] that in addition to the bad start for the Derby, Gladiator threw a shoe at the hill. If so, we are not surprised at the prominent station he holds for the coming St. Leger. Partizan was the property of Lord Lowther, who purchased him of the Duke of Grafton after he had been put to the stud, for £150. His produce, while the property of the Duke, were very moderate runners, but on putting him to Selim's mares he got some of the speediest in England.

Derby races are discontinued, the course having passed into the hands of other parties, who have refused their consent to the races being held on it. Workmen are employed in pulling down the Grand Stand.

Mr. Chifney's colt, The Athenian, which occasioned so many false starts for the Derby Stakes, will be put up by auction to-morrow under peculiar circumstances.

Beresford trained for Mr. Houldsworth up to the end of the last Newmarket Spring Meeting: he is succeeded by Kent.

The bet between Sheet Anchor and Touchstone is off.

"Legally" speaking, "a mare" is not "a horse," the law requiring that the character of the animal should be distinctly described.

A gambling wager for £5 cannot be recovered, except on a horse race, which is legalised to the amount of £10, in England, says Bell's Life in London.

Epsom Races.—If Epsom Races were of no other utility than that of bringing face to face the poor and the rich, and making a grand *tableau* of all the orders, costumes, and characteristics of the country, they are worthy of the extraordinary excitement they create. In this respect, alone, they exercise a surprising influence over the imagination. Wealth and poverty, happiness and misery, virtue and profligacy, are here thrown into direct and irresistible contrast. The roulette table and the begging box are close together; and the agony of despair is frequently transferred from one to the other. The transitions of the scene are a transcript of the transitions of life. The jeweled boddice presses a broken heart, while the doubled kerchief half hides the eyes of the rustic beauty who has never yet sighed except in the excess of mirth! Such are the dispensations that, if we can take away from Epsom a little more wisdom than we take into it, ought to be sufficient to reconcile every body to their position, or to nerve them to attempt its improvement. Atlas.

Pedestrianism.—The match of Townsend, the celebrated pedestrian, to walk one hundred miles in twenty-four sucessive hours, was decided on Tuesday evening. The distance done was ten miles out and ten miles in, starting from the Horse Guards to the ten-mile stone beyond Mitcham. He refreshed at D'Almaine's the Mitre Inn, Lower Tooting, and won his match at half-past six on Tuesday evening, half an hour within the given time. Betting was two to one against the performance.

A Grand Archery fete took place on Tuesday, at Benham Park, the late residence of the Margravine of Anspach, near Newbury. The company began to assemble about noon, and soon after the sport commenced. The grace and superior feats of the ladies were the theme of general admiration. At five the company retired to the dinner-room, where a sumptuous collation was provided, and at seven the ball-room was thrown open, in which Weippert's band were stationed. The company, which consisted of all the principal families and nobility, separated about eleven o'clock.

A Milling Mayor.—A correspondent has directed our attention to a parapraph in a Nottingham journal, stating that the Mayor of that city, on the evening of Monday week, stood amongst a number of blackguards to witness a pugilistic contest between two young fellows about 18 years of age, his Worship holding his watch in his hand, calling "time" at the end of half a minute between the rounds, and offering half-a-crown for the conqueror. The paragraph goes on to state that some of the more humane spectators, wishing to put an end to the brutal contest, intimated to a constable who stood by that he had better exercise his authority and take the parties into custody; but he replied that he dared not interfere, *as the Mayor was backing them.* If this be true, and we give it on the authority of the local paper, the *Nottingham Journal*, we think Lord John Russell has a case ready cut and dry for his *impartial* interference. These be your *Reform* Magistrates! We hope, however, that Jack Gully, now that he has "repoodiated" fighting, will take the matter under his senatorial control.

London Age.

New Species of Salmon.—The fishermen of Duclare have found an unknown variety of salmon, three feet long, eighteen in circumference,—and in the stomach the hilt of a poignard, which appears to have been of very ancient date—belonging to one of William the Conqueror's soldiers perhaps.

A Rare Chance for Turfmen.—An extensive stable of race nags belonging to Mr. W. Wynn, near Petersburg, Va., is offered for sale. Mr. W. informs the public that the selling off his blooded stock is with a view to enable him to devote his whole time and attention to a cotton estate he had on Red River. Among his stock, consisting of 28 noted nags, are some of the best breed that the country can produce. All are offered separately or together at private sale, and if not thus sold by the first day of September next, they will be offered on that day, at public sale, at the New Market races. Mr. Wynn has been noted and esteemed as a liberal and intelligent sportsman, and it is to be regretted that he is now leaving the turf. Few opportunities occur in our country like this he offers of procuring thorough-bred horses. Turf Register.

Our Races.—From the appearances there will be brilliant sport at our races, beginning on the 29th of September next. There will be quite a sprinkling of nags of quality from abroad, that will show their high breeding by striving to give our own humble Alleghanies the "go by." We already hear of some five or six stables that will be in attendance. This is all right. If they win our money they will get it with a good grace—but we will just say that whilst we have an Allegre, Eclipse, and Henry, jrs., a Sandusky, a Silverheels, and a few others like them, they will have to

"Jump Jim Crow, and go it heel and toe."

before they bear the shiners away from these homebred nags. Seriously, however, we look for an excellent field of horses on each day of the races. At the present time in this country there are from fifteen to twenty in training, and we learn that a greater number than usual are preparing to come to our ground this season from adjoining states. Whilst on this subject we would suggest to the Club the getting up of sweepstakes for two or three days—say the first day a sweepstakes for colts and fillies four years old, three mile heats, $100 entrance—4 to make a race—to name and close by the 1st of September. The second day—for colts and fillies—three years old, two mile heats; $75 entrance, 4 to make a race; and a sweepstake—mile heats—for colts and fillies, three years old, $75 entrance, to name and close as above. Some turfites have promised horses for each of these sweepstakes, provided the Club may see proper to adopt them. The additional interest such contests would create, would perhaps be greater than any one can imagine who has not witnessed this kind of running.

Pittsburg (Pa.) Manufacturer

Singular and Fatal Accident.—The Commercial, ridiculing some of the morning papers who regularly announce news "in advance of the mail," gives the following extract from the Montreal Courier, which it received by a private conveyance, and heads "By the mail of to morrow!"—

"A terrible accident occurred at St. Martin, Montreal, on Saturday night last. Two young men, of the names of S. Nantel and F. X. Cleroux, were exercising their horses for the races next day. They had arrived opposite the church, and their horses were at the height of their speed, when they were met by two other persons riding in an exactly opposite direction, and whom the darkness of the evening prevented them from seeing. The consequence was, that the horses of the two parties came into dreadful collision with each other. The riders were thrown to the ground. F. X. Cleroux's head was severely cut, and that of S. Nantel was so shockingly mangled, that he only survived the accident two hours. The other two received no material injury. Two of the horses were killed on the spot."

American Eagle.—It may not be generally known that this noble and favorite bird makes her nest in the highest mountains of this country. Mr. Hutchinson, who keeps a pleasant retreat at the far-famed Rockland lake, has now one in his possession which was hatched upon a neighboring cliff. He is about half grown, and somewhat larger than a turkey. His right leg was amputated by Dr. ——, of New York, owing to the injury received from the trap in which it had been caught. No one can look upon the powerful beak and talons of this bird, without admiring the good taste of our fathers, who adopted it as the emblem of their country, which they felt was soon to soar above all others. North River Times.

Salmagundi.

FROM LATE FOREIGN PAPERS, ETC., RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE.

THE WOODS IN AMERICA.

The Woods, Mr. and Mrs., have been the objects of one of the fiercest theatrical storms that ever raged in America. We commend the story to the nice appreciation of a writer, called "the American in England," who is so shocked at the spectacles presented in English theatres, and at the morals of the people who frequent them. The scene of the war was the Park Theatre, New York; and the primary cause of it was Mrs. Wood's refusal to sing for the benefit of a native actress. Some comment on Mrs. Wood's wicked conduct in this matter were made in a New York Journal, and Mr. W. sent a challenge to the editor, who proved to be only a writer and no fighter. The "public" differed from him, for they fought bravely for him in the evening. The account says, that when a riot is expected at the theatre, and all flock to witness it, it is sure to occur. On Mrs. Wood's entrance, however, not a hiss or sound of disapprobation was heard. She was deeply agitated, and the appeal made to the audience by her deportment, found its way to the hearts of all present. The play proceeded with occasional interruptions. The pit, by this time, was not entirely filled, but it was soon replenished by a mob who broke in at the door leading to the southern entrance, and disturbed the house by their fiendish yells. Mr. Wood shortly after appeared, and then the applause quite drowned the disapprobation. But "while these scenes were going on, the house was disturbed by the mob assembled in front of the theatre. In a few moments their worst anticipations were realized. The doors were broken down, and the mob rushed in and forced themselves into the boxes. These excellent judges of the merits of actors and actresses, these supporters of the theatre, and inquisitors over the private conduct of those attached to it, ruled the house, and brute force prevailed. Missiles were launched on the stage; a beam of wood was hurled at the head of Mr. Wood, Mrs. W. being at his side; and it was caught by Mr. Placide. Another followed. Other missiles were thrown, and shortly afterwards the mob in the pit rushed forward towards the stage. The musicians fled, the rioters rushed on the stage, the actors retired, and the house was under the control of a lawless mob, where they continued hurrahing and shouting." The Mayor at last appeared with several magistrates, and endeavored to obtain a hearing, but not the slightest attention was paid to his remarks. The Woods, however, escaped the wooden beam which had nearly extinguished their glory, and have sailed for England.

London Court Journal, July 2.

COVENT GARDEN.

We have felt called upon, from time to time, to differ with the lessees of this theatre as to the quality of the pieces and performers necessary to maintain the character of the theatre under the new system, and to redeem the pledge made at the opening of the season, that with the reduction of prices there would be no diminution of attractiveness in the entertainments. If we have seen little to approve, it has not been from the absence of a wish to be pleased, but from what appeared to us to be a rather striking insufficiency of talent. The engagement of Mr. Macready, however, was a bold and liberal step, and the production of *Ion* has thrown a lustre upon the theatre. We receive these liberalities as favorable tokens of what we are to expect next season, and we cordially quote the stage-manager's hints to that effect, on bidding the audience farewell at the close of the season on Tuesday.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—This night terminates our present season, and, in conformity with the olden custom, the pleasure becomes mine to have the gratification of announcing to you, that through your liberal patronage, we drop our curtain at the expiration of a most satisfactory and profitable career. I am requested by Mr. Osbaldiston, to express to you, in most unqualified terms, his sincere and grateful acknowledgments for the unceasing liberality and support he has experienced; and by that support having aided him to stem the current of prejudice which, at first, assailed his efforts to deserve your favor, and as an evidence he is determined still to merit it, many important engagements and alterations in the various departments of the theatre will be made during the recess, tending to contribute to your comfort, accommodation and amusement. Amongst the various engagements entered into, I have the satisfaction of announcing to you the distinguished name of Mrs. Glover, Mr. Farren and Mr. Macready, in addition to many others of high respectability. There is another name, which, although the negotiation be not yet fully ratified, we hope to add unto our number, and when understood that it will positively be the last season he will ever appear on this or any other stage, the feeling which receives the announcement of that name, must be one of thrilling pleasure, although mingled with sentiments of deepest regret—Mr. C. Kemble. When possessed of such talent, in conjunction with our eminent dramatic bards, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and many others of high desert and well-earned fame, let us earnestly hope you will still lend your powerful aid in rekindling the flickering, nay, almost expiring flame of our national dramatic literature. Permit me, now, ladies and gentlemen, in behalf of the company, severally and collectively, to thank you for the manifold testimonies of your patronage and kind approval—and until we have the honor of appearing before you, for our renewed campaign, most respectfully to bid you farewell." London Court Journal, June 25.

Theatricals at Bridgwater House.—Lord and Lady Frances Egerton gave their second private theatrical performance at Bridgwater House on Wednesday evening, to a distinguished audience, including the Prince of Orange, the hereditary Prince and Prince Alexander of the Netherlands, the Prince Oldenburgh, and about 250 of the principal nobility and gentry. The company began to arrive shortly after nine o'clock. The band of the Coldstream Guards was stationed in the corridor leading to the gallery, in which a temporary theatre was erected. The performances commenced about ten, and consisted of scenes from *Glenfinlas.* This *tableau* having terminated, was followed by a scene from *Lalla Rookh.* The characters represented *Lalla Rookh, Huida, Feramarz, Fadladeen*, slaves and attendants, &c. The interesting scenes were ably sustained by Lord Courton, the Hon. Mr. Greville, the Hon. Mr. Wortley, Mr. Macdonald, the Hon. Mr. Mitford, the Hon. Colonel Grey, the Hon. Mr. G. Grey, Mr. Hartop, Mr. Bruce, and Mr. Halford; Lady Georgiana Grey, Lady Frances Egerton, Lady Walscott, Miss A. Paget, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Henry Baring, Miss Gent, Mrs. Hartop, Lady Mary Paget, and Miss A. Kemble.

Mr. Bunn has become lessee of the English Opera-house. It is presumed he will commence his managerial sway at the conclusion of the present season of the commonwealth of performers, who are now struggling so spiritedly to carry on the theatre.

Mr. Braham has engaged Miss Reinforth, Mr. Harley, Mr. J. Bennett, and Mr. Parry, jun., for the ensuing season at St. James's Theatre.

Madame Vestris and young Mathews have been performing with great success at the Surrey Theatre.

Madame Malibran had a complete bumper at her benefit, at Drury-lane, on Friday. We are glad to find that Mr. Bunn has secured her services for a few nights longer.

In the U. States poor Booth is said to be again assigned to a lunatic asylum, and Miss Jarman has been severely censured for continuing to act in her maiden name, though travelling with her husband (Mr. Ternan). Miss Watson, whose name got blended with Paganini's rather awkwardly, is now a favorite vocalist in America, second only to Mrs. Wood. Bell's Life in London, 3d July.

When Mr. Charles Yorke was returned a member for the University of Cambridge, about the year 1770, he went round the Senate to thank those who had voted for him. Among the number was a Mr. P. who was proverbial for having the largest and most hideous physiognomy that ever eye beheld. Mr. York, in thanking him, said, "Sir, I have great reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but confess myself under a particular obligation to you, for the very remarkable *countenance* you have shown me upon this occasion."

TABLE TALK, OF THE LONDON AGE.

The *Leeds Mercury* tells us that Mr. Edward Spring was married to Miss Margaret Winter, at Hobertville, by the Rev. T. Thaw:—

Such an union in *season* sure none ever saw;
So joy to their sweets let us sing;
Tho' it is not the first time we've heard that a *Thaw*
Has a *Winter* turned into a *Spring.*

A member of the Junior United Service reading that the favorite mode of spending the time with the lazy and l—y Legion at St. Sebastian was lying on the broad of their backs in the sunshine, observed that such an occupation was very appropriate in the *Bask* provinces. By every account the Dogsmeatians are always *in the Sun.*

The following horrible cons we have to acknowledge from our disconsolate friend, Michael Scales:—

Why should you never pay a hackney coachman his demand until he offers to fight you for the amount?—Because "none but the *brave* deserve the *fare.*" (Dreadful.)

Don Carlos has issued a proclamation to the Dogsmeatians, offering the following premium for desertion:—He that joins with his horse alone, 35 dollars; he that joins with his arms alone, 10 dollars; and he that comes without arms, 5 dollars. The last may be called an *off-handed* offer, though some may consider it rather *un-hand*-somely made. What use, however, is a man *without arms* in a fight? It is *dollar*-ous news for the Dogsmeatians.

"Why was it a totally superfluous and unnecessary act to take off the heads by the guillotine of the French aristocracy at the time of the French Revolution?" asked the Joker-General of Buffer Bowring. Tydus, of course, had not the ghost of a notion. "Because (said Kearsley, giving him a friendly *polthouge* under the fifth rib,) they were all the *nob-les* before." Tydus, being a member of the Temperance Society, stood for half an hour with his head in the water-butt, to conceal his emotion.

Why is the evening the best time to take up a bill?—Because it then *falls due* (dew). (Worse and worse.)

Sam Rogers says that Tom Moore ought to give over writing squibs now that he has an income from the State. "He has before him (saith the jocose banker) that which ought to be his *pen-shun.*"

Since his recent flare-up with Roebuck, Kearsley goes by the name of the Hon. Member for "Wigging."

During the thunder-storm lately, Charley Pearson, with a pal, fled for safety and for *suck*-out to a public-house. "I shall have a glass of wine—what will you have?" said the pal. "Why, I think a 'flash of lightning' would be the most appropriate," quoth Charles. The pal, not liking the wine, complained, and had it changed. Charles, the fit being on him, said "Pooh, pooh! never mind, 'any *port* in a storm,' you know, is an old saying."—[Charles E. Horn's revived!]

A connoisseur, the other day, bought a picture at a sale in Brussels for 100 francs—it turned out to be a *chef d'œuvre* of Jordaens, for which he has been offered since 10,000 francs.

A ludicrous incident is mentioned by Sir John Sinclair, in his history of the public revenue, with regard to the "benevolences," as they were termed, exacted by Edward IV. from his rich subjects. An opulent widow, advanced in years, was personally applied to by King Edward for her benevolence. She was so much pleased with Edward's person (who was considered the handsomest man of his time), and the graceful manner in which he made the request, that she immediately answered—"By my troth, for the lovely countenance, thou shalt even have twenty pounds." The sum was then so very considerable, that the king thought himself bound, in token of his satisfaction, to give the old lady a kiss; who was so much delighted with this unexpected mark of royal favor, that she added another twenty pounds to her former donation.

Anecdote of the Mayor of Tiverton.—During the time when Wesley and Witfield were gaining so many converts in many parts of England, the former came one day to preach at Tiverton. This created considerable excitement in town, and the mayor, fearing some riot might ensue, issued his proclamation commanding Wesley to desist, as it was dangerous to the peace and good order that he should preach in that place. On being remonstrated with, he made the following laconic reply:—"I don't see what reason there can be for any new religion in Tiverton? Why do we want another way of going to heaven when there's so many already? Why sir, there's the Old Church, and the New Church, that's one religion: there's Parson Kiddell's at the Pitt meeting, that's two: Parson Westcott's in Peter-street, that's three; and Old Parson Terry's in Newport-street, is four. Four ways of going to heaven! If they won't go to heaven by one or the other of these ways, by —— they shan't go to heaven at all from Tiverton while I am Mayor of the town."

As two men, rather the worse for liquor, were travelling in a gig on a dark night, they were upset.—One was a stout man with a very large head; the other a little man with head proportionate. While sprawling on the road, he of the large skull picked up the little man's hat, and supposing that the difficulty of getting it on arose from the tumors of his own head, exclaimed that he was a dead man—while he of the lesser cranium no doubt supposed that at least half his head had been knocked off in the fall. This could scarcely be called a *cap-size.*

A Neat Pun.—A private in the Lancers, who was a model of neatness and regularity for the whole regiment, and in consequence a great favorite with his officers, unfortunately had "a call;" and from this period he became slovenly and inattentive to his duty. He could "hold forth" with great fluency, and hurled "death and damnation" upon his comrades as sinners with all the zeal of a ranting fanatic; and so absorbed was he in the "new light," that he neglected his person, and was frequently reprimanded by his commanding officer for his want of cleanliness. On one occasion when he was rebuked for having on a very soiled shirt, he said, "If dirty without, he was clean within." "Then, (said the Col.) I wish you would turn yourself *inside out!*"

Cicero was of low birth, and Metellus was the son of a licentious woman. Metellus said to Cicero—"*Dare* you tell your father's name?—Cicero replied, "*Can* your mother tell yours?"

Serjeant Wilde has been subjected to much raillery from his brethren of the bar, in consequence of his having requested permission to plead without the full-bottomed wig in the House of Lords. The worthy serjeant defended himself by stating, that he did not know many learned gentlemen who could venture to divest themselves of the peruke of office; for it is often truly said, "the wisdom is in the wig." "I'm not quite certain of that," observed Sir Charles Wetherell, drily, "'tis a long time since I've seen any wisdom in a *whig.*"

T. Wharton, being challenged to make two lines on Cardinal Wolsey, each word in each line to begin with the same letter, wrote as follows;—

"Begot by Butchers, but by Bishops bred,
How high his Honor holds his haughty head."

Epigram by Jekyll on a speech of Serjeant S——n's.

The serjeants are at a grateful race,
And all their speeches show it,
Their purple garments come *from Tyre*,
Their arguments go *to* it.

A dandy asked a lady what kind of whiskers she thought most *becoming*—such, said she, as seem soonest to *be-going.*

Sam Rogers, hearing the other day at Lord Holland's, that "a salad, consisting of mustard and cress, may be produced in a few minutes by an electrical experiment," observed that even the best must be a bad salad. "Aye, (added the jocose banker) a *shocking* bad one."

"Mr. Timms," said a wag, "how do you keep your books?" "Oh, by double entry." "Double entry, how's that?" "Oh! easy enough; I make one entry, and my partner makes another."

Conundrum.—Why are the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim necessarily in favor of liberal education?—Because they are *free-knowledge-ists.*

"House of Commons' Slang."—We were very much amused the other day by a quarrel between two cabmen in Parliament-street. They had gone through all the established phrases of abuse in a very quiet *gentlemanly* manner, till one of them began to use language rather warmer than even cabmen indulge in; upon which the other drove of, saying—"Come, come, give us none of your *House of Commons slang.*" This is a fact. To such a degree of degradation has the House of Commons fallen, that even a street brawler will not endure the application of its slang to him.

A Small Letter.—"Letters from *Frankfort bring the marriage* of Lionel de Rothschild, Esq., to Miss Charlotte de Rothschild." What sort of a post-bag held it—i.e., "the marriage"—we wonder! Or did Lionel think that because man and wife become *one*, so *male* and *female* married should go by *mail*? The lucky couple had 100,000*l*. each, by way of portion. We have heard of a double cherry, but here's a double plum—full of *jews* too. From the money this family has gathered together from all quarters and all nations, it must belong to the tribe of *Levy.*

Sound Advice.—A spendthrift nobleman had a fortune left him, and was advised by a friend to purchase an estate notorious for its neglected state and sterility. "Why," said his Lordship, "there is not a single passable road through the whole estate." "That is the very reason I wish you to buy it," said the other, "it will take you the longer to *run through it!*"

London and Paris Magazine of Fashion.

Proverbial Politeness of the Military.—An officer in India, who had been just raised from the ranks for his gallantry, being invited to the Governor's table, was invited by the Governor's lady, as a marked compliment, to take wine. "No ma'am, I thank you," replied the unsophisticated hero, "I never takes wine; but I'm a *tiger at beer!*"

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF DELHI IN THE REIGN OF AURUNGZEBE.

The glare of mid-day had given way to the mellowed tints which float before the sun sinking of a tropical climate. The hum of many voices announced that the merchants and artisans of Delhi, who had retired from meridian fervor into the depths of their coolest recesses, now thronged to resume their respective places beneath the arcades which bordered the streets, and the occupations discontinued during the scorching, zephyrless reign of an oriental noon. But it was not the sedately industrious alone who swarmed in the awakened city: jugglers, morris-dancers, mountebanks, displayed all the perfection of trickery, all the adroitness of legerdemain, and won, even from the solemn, opium-tranced Moslem, an unwilling smile. Numerous ambassadors had been deputed from foreign potentates to hail the accession, or rather usurpation of Aurungzebe, and with their trains came many a curious straggler, grim devotee, and venturous trafficker: these, mingling with the motley groups who passed along the streets, or paraded the divans, formed a shifting, shot-silk assemblage of colors and costumes. Usbecs, Arabians, Abyssinians, the Bonze of Siam, the merchant of Boutan, the Portuguese jesuit, and the Dutch sailor, chequered with the Brahmin, the Mollah, the Fakir, and the Banian, presented, by their fantastic or picturesque attire, an ever animated pantomimic scene, whose grotesque performers the East alone could group. Delhi was the focus of novelty, the emporium of wealth and magnificence: specimens of the people and the produce of every nation seemed collected in its resplendent bazaars; the resident merchants and mechanics, incited by vanity or the hope of a speedy and advantageous sale for goods which had remained unpurchased during the civil wars between Aurungzebe and his brothers, now laid aside the caution which had prompted them, in less propitious times, to conceal from the greedy rapacity of governors their choicest gems and merchandise. Another and more influential cause for this display might, perhaps, be found in a firman of Aurungzebe, ordering that all traders and manufacturers in his imperial city of Jehanabad should, on this day, under penalty of the Korrah, set forth their secret hoards: this crafty prince, with his usual policy, softening such arbitrary rescript by the annexment, that neither Omrah nor Mansebdar should compel the upright dealer to abate a peyssa of the price affixed to his wares. No longer fearing the great man's forcible or fraudful appropriation of his treasures, the lapidary displayed his rarest gems, quaintly arranged upon his broad flat casket, whose silver net-work enhanced the brilliant's sparkle, and preserved them from the dexterous pilferer, while in more misty light, within a thicker web, to hide its flaws, was placed the fractured or the speckled diamond. The goldsmith, vain of his imitative craft, pointed out the accuracy of his emblematic ornaments; his coronets, resembling Persian chain-work, his coin-like pendants, stamped with a Koran phrase for preservation of the Moslem maiden; and for the high caste Hindoo he displayed the golden carcanet, bearing in full relief the advents of her mythological deity, the nine avatars of heaven-born Khrisna; for more plebian purchase lay exposed less costly trinkets, bracelets and anklets, finger, nose, and ear rings. Beneath the next arcade the mercer hung his silks, whose rainbow dyes outnumbered even the freaks of woman's fancy, while in the firmer substance of the stiff brocade were deftly woven castles and elephants, gods, monkeys and pagodas. Yet were all tints and all devices thrown into eclipse by the brilliant chintzes of Masulipatam, whose roses wanted only fragrance to cheat the wondering eye into belief of their reality. Further on were seen the wool of Persia and Thibet, wrought by Kashmerian skill, into the ample shawl and sash; the carpet, whose downy fabric made it more esteemed than all the gorgeous floor-cloths of Ghulan; linens and muslins so exquisitely woven, that to behold them, Egypt's famed artificers, for spite, had burned their looms. Other covered roofs gave out the perfume of their wares, musk, sandal, frankincense, myrrh, and attar; innumerable karkhanehs, displayed turbans and girdles of golden tissue, curious embroidery, velvets, calinuts, and that costly stuff too delicate for more than one day's service. Bazaars were lined with splendid trappings; housings of silk, holsters of velvet, bridles and stirrups studded with gems. Something rich or peculiar, stamped genuine from its birthplace, was set forth in every nook; in a word, or rather in oriental metaphor, those winged griffons, which are said to guard the treasure-crypts of the Ghooles and Afrits, seemed to have flown from their grim task-masters, and showered the hidden riches of their subterranes on the capital of Hindostan.

The Mascarenhas.

WEDDING SCENE AT MANCHESTER.

I attended the Old Church at Manchester one Monday morning, in order to witness the solemnization of several marriages I had reason to suppose were then and there to take place. I had heard on the preceding Sunday the banns proclaimed as follows; For the first time of asking, sixty-five; for the second time, seventy-two; for the third time, sixty; total, one hundred and ninety-seven. Having been informed that it would be expedient to be on the spot at eight in the morning, I repaired thither at that hour. Operations, however, did not commence before ten. The latter is the usual time of proceeding to business; although, in cases of persons married by license, eight o'clock is the hour. A full quarter of an hour before the striking of the clock, two beadles in their parish liveries had taken the ground opposite the church door, and a sufficient number of persons (chiefly young women) had assembled, whose curious and anxious looks testified that something extraordinary was about to take place. By this time, also, suspicious-looking persons in pairs had begun to arrive on foot, whose countenances were scrutinized without mercy by the loiterers. As the church-door was not open, everybody waited to be let in. The couples were all poor people; and as to the brides and bridegrooms, as few were dressed in special *costume*, and all were very generally attended by friends and relatives, it was not easy to say which was which. One party arrived at the church door, belonging evidently (as everything in this world goes by comparison) to the higher classes; and, though dragged by one solitary horse, they made an effort to outshine. The carriage was a narrow *vis-a-vis* fly, intended for two persons, though it now contained four, besides a fat man with bushy whiskers (probably the bride's brother) on the box with the coachman. Within, packed as close as they could possibly sit, on one side were the two bridesmaids; opposite sat the bride and bridegroom, the latter a spruce, sandy-haired young man, looking flush and eager. One of his arms was round the waist of the young lady, on whom he bestowed glances of the very tenderest description. In fact, attitude, and all considered, I hardly knew whether to compare him, in my mind, to the statue of Cupid regarding his Psyche, or a Scotch terrier watching at a rat-hole. The coachman and his companion wore white favours; the former, meditating effect, inflicted some smart strokes of the whip on his horse, intending to bring him on his haunches with a jerk, but the poor jaded animal, evidently over-driven, had sense enough to anticipate the object proposed, and stopped dead short a few paces before, by which both men on the box were very nearly pitched over his head. The people sat in the fly till the church door was opened, and then the ladies got out and tripped across the pavement into the church. They wore short petticoats, and white satin bonnets scooped out in the hind part, with sugar-loaf crowns, and their back hair underneath combed upwards. When all was ready and the church doors opened, the clergyman and clerk betook themselves to the vestry; and the people who were about to be married and their friends seated themselves in the body of the church opposite the communion-table, on benches which were placed there for the purpose. Not less than fifty people were assembled, among whom I took my seat quietly, without being noticed. The party who had arrived upon wheels most exclusively paraded, in the meantime, up and down (as if unwilling to identify themselves with the humbler candidates for matrimony) in another part of the church. The people at first took their seats in solemn silence, each one inquisitively surveying his neighbour; but as the clergyman and clerk were some time in preparation, the men first began to whisper one to another, and the women to titter, till by degrees they all threw off their reserve, and made audible remarks on the new comers. There was little *mauvaise honte* among the women; but of the men, poor fellows! some were seriously abashed; while among the hymenial throng there seemed to prevail a sentiment that obtains pretty generally among their betters, namely, the inclination to put shy people out of conceit with themselves. Thus at the advance of a sheepish-looking bridegroom, he was immediately assailed on all sides with, "*Come in, man; what art afraid? Nobody'l hurt thee;* and then a general laugh went round in a repressed tone, but quite sufficient to confound and subdue the new comer. Presently a sudden buzz broke out—"*The clergyman coming!*" and all was perfectly silent. About twelve couples were there to be married, the rest were friends and attendants. The former were called upon to arrange themselves round the altar. The clerk was an adept in his business, and performed the duties of his office in a mode admirably calculated to set the people at their ease, and direct the proceedings. In appointing them to their proper places, he addressed each in an intonation of voice particularly soft and soothing, and which carried with it the more of encouragement as he made use of no appellative but the Christian name of the person spoken to. Thus he proceeded: "*Daniel and Phœbe; this way, Daniel; take off your gloves, Daniel. William and Anne; no, Anne; here Anne; t'other side, William. John and Mary; here, John; oh, John; gently, John.*" And then addressing them altogether: "*Now, all of you give your hats to some person to hold.*" Although the marriage service appeared to me to be generally addressed to the whole party, the clergyman was scrupulously exact in obtaining the accurate responses from each individual. No difference was shown towards the exclusive party, other than by being placed on the extreme left.

Sir George Head's Tour through the Manufacturing Districts.

The Atlas announces that Mrs. Maeder (once Clara Fisher) is in town, and throws out a feeler—in a hint for an engagement at the Tremont—a "Farewell Benefit," &c., "previous (the old formula) to her departure for Europe." The Atlas might as well have announced that Mrs. Elliot (once Celeste) is in town, and made the same suggestion in her behalf. The one merits as much as the other. It is altogether too early to talk of Benefits now—when the season can hardly be said to have commenced—and, besides, if we do propose them, let us be sure we have selected the most meritorious beneficiaries. If the gay and gallant bachelors of the Atlas—and there are only three of them—will advocate a Benefit—not a farewell, but a complimentary Benefit for Mrs. Maeder's sister, Miss Ann Fisher, when the proper season arrives, we will cheerfully lend our unit of assistance. There would be some sense in that. Boston Daily Transcript.

Gideon Greentree's Adventures in Search of a Gal.

Jist arter trainin day, last spring, our women folks kicked up the darndest rumpus about nothin, any on you ever did hear on; they told Uncle Siah—any on you know Uncle Siah? Siah Pancas? Why he was captain of the militia! wears a cockade on his hat as big as a dinner plate. Well, they told him as how they wasn't goin to do the drudgery and spinning tew, and Het and Lid—you know Het and Lid, I guess? they said they would clear right down to Jesse's, if he didn't get a gal to come and dew things. So says he to me, Gid—(he always called me Gid, my name's Gideon)—Gid, rig up the wagon, and go down to Margery Slow's, and see if you can find her darter at home, and git her to come here and dew things for us. Well, I rigged up the wagon and critter—Spankin Jack it was; I guess some of you've seen him—and off I started for Dog Hollow. I stopped at widow Ruth Perkin's—guess some on you knows Ruth? got a son Johnny; dreadful nice young man; his mother says he'll be sixteen next grass—went in; says I, Ruth, how de dew? said they kept as well as common, except Johnny, and he had the tarnal ague agin. Says I, Ruth, guess you can't tell where I mout be able to git a gal to come and dew things for Uncle Siah, can you? Well, says she, I guess I might; there's Soph Slow's out o' a place, and she'll hire out at the common wages to any body. Well, says I, Ruth, I guess I'll stay and take some supper, and then go and hunt her up. She said I mout, and she expected elder Perry to supper, as he is comin to lectur bout jinin Temperance meetin. Well, arter a bit, elder Perry come—put his critter up, and then went to look for Johnny. Couldn't find him high or low, looked under every corn basket, under the wood pile, in the hen roosts and corn crib, but couldn't find Johnny; and at last we heard the darndest snorin ever any on you did hear—looked under the barn, and there the tarnal critter lay fast asleep, and had the old sow for a pillow. His mother said he'd been hunting eggs, guess he was fatigued—said we'd better not wake him, or he'd be cross—well, we went to the house, and by this time supper was ready. Elder Perry axed if there was'nt no old orchard in the house. Widow Ruth said there was a little she kept for Johnny when he got the ague. Says he, let's have some on't. By gosh, he took it by the word of mouth—I guess he did'nt hold on to it pokin neither; axed me if I would'nt have some; I told him I would, but I guess there wasn't much left after he had a swig at it. Well, we set down to supper, and jist as elder Perry was sayin somethin bout temperance meetin, as how he was president of one on 'em, in comes Johnny, with his hat smashed all over his eyes, and his fingers in his mouth. Why Johnny, says Ruth, what's the matter? Why, says he, I've got the darned etarnal ague agin, and the old hen's picked me, and I'm all full of sores. Why, Johnny, says his mother, don't you see Elder Perry? Elder Perry be ——, says Johnny. Why, Johnny, you did'nt mean to say *that!* Yes I did, by Satan, and I'll say it agin if I've a mind to. Well, Elder Perry thought as how he would be goin. You see the old orchard began to work, till Ruth Goodly said, Johnny was a wicked young man, and off he went. Well, says Johnny, come arter Soph Slow to come and do things for Uncle Siah. Says he, I guess she aint goin to live nowhere, nohow, for I've been courtin her all winter. Says I, none of your bisness, I guess your kind a jealous, aint you? Jest then in came Soph Slow, Kit Davis, and Nance Higgins, and a hull basketful more on 'em. Says I, gals, how de dew? Said they all kept as well as common.—Says I, Soph, I came to git you to come and live with Uncle Siah, and dew things. Said she was out on a place; she did'nt care an' she did—took a turn down the lane, and said she did'nt care no more about Johnny Perkins than she did for Tobe Robbins, for both on 'em was as clear of wit as a sheep was of bristles. Well, 'twas gittin latish, past milkin time I reckon, and I told Soph I guess'd we'd be goin; so I pitched her in the wagon, got in myself, bid Widow Ruth good by, and off we started—had but six miles to go, over a tarnation ruff road, and jist as we got about by Wise's mill—you know where it is—the tarnation thing stopped. What's the matter with the wagon, says Soph; I told her I did'nt know—lay on the gull, Gid, says she—'twant no use, it would'nt budge a peg. So we got out and walked to the top of the hill—got in agin, went pretty well till we got to a big mud puddle, and by thunder, down came the tarnal think cossock—Soph went heels over head, and I went head over heels, and Spankin Jack came down along side. Soph lost one shoe; I lost a Barlow knife, that I traded with Clate Lukens for; gin him a watch key for it; would'nt took a great deal for it; it had Adam and Eve on it. Well, I helped Soph out of the mud, and come to look at the wagon; found that flea-bitten Johnny was the cause of it all; he'd took and put the hind wheel on the fore axle-tree, and left the linch pin out. Well, it was near about day when we got home; set by the fire to dry the mud. When the gals got up, lord! I guess they did'nt laugh nor nothin—cousin Sal, she sniggered right out loud—I laughed, tew, till my boots bursted, for Soph had lost Johnny's watch, when she tumbled in the mud. I told her I guess'd if he did not git it afore the mill teams came along, he'd find the wheels off, and the linch pin out, and run down in the bargain. Never mind, we're goin to camp meetin next week, and if we don't serve him a Yankee trick—why, I guess it aint no matter.

ENGLISH FOX HUNTERS.

The portraits of a *holiday* fox-hunter and a *high-flying* fox-hunter have been thus strongly sketched. A holiday fox-hunter in preparing for the chase, in order to avoid every thing bordering upon fashionable effeminacy, proves the strength of his stomach by huge slices of beef, and rejects those degrading slops of tea, coffee, or chocolate, for a jug of strong beer, and keeps all quiet with a bumper or two of brandy; thus internally defended, with a new velvet cap, cordovan boots, doe-skin breeches, long-necked spurs, orange-padded saddle, and lemon-fronted bridle, the hero of the day and his steed are both equipped; and if mounted on a horse whose four legs have been fired, it will afford him the opportunity of knowingly remarking, that "his superior excellence makes up for every external blemish, and that he does not care a farthing for appearances; his horse is one of the safest and best-leaped hunters, and that he has been bid a cool hundred for him." In order, therefore, to put his excellence to the proof, he sets out late, and after a gallop of ten or a dozen miles, brings his horse up to the hounds in a lather, just as they are going to throw off: this naturally excites the surprise of every old-fashioned sportsman; but that the being remarked may not rest upon a single chance, he rides rudely against one or two of the company, seems totally ignorant of the accident, nor thinks it necessary to apologize; such behavior gives an air of importance, renders him more conspicuous than the most formal and honorable introduction, and shows he is too friendly upon the field to stand upon ceremony. The instant the fox is found, if not before, he is sure to ride over and cripple some of the hounds, to dash at every unnecessary leap, to press his horse most through the deepest ground, and when the dogs come to a check to vociferate some impertinent question to take off their attention; if fortunate enough to be in at the death, he makes inquiry for the nearest inn, and there calls for a quart of ale for his horse and a dram for himself; after this re reshment, he mounts again and rattles his horse home with similar expedition to that of the morning.

The *high-flying* fox-hunter exhibits a few slight characteristic variations: he endeavors to inculcate the idea that riding hard and riding bold are the leading qualifications to acquire pre-eminence, and, in fact, that nothing but the chase can ever engage a sensible man; to confirm his servants in this opinion, the strict preparatory orders given the preceding evening, are sure to put the whole house into confusion the next morning; the hunter is sent to the cover side, and from the hands of the hair-dresser he is consigned to the saddle of his hackney, upon which, with the celerity of a Solebay express, he reaches the spot; having surveyed the company with due contempt, the hack is exchanged for the hunter; whilst the hounds are drawing and every experienced sportsman is in silent agitation, at the first challenge he is galloping from one extremity of the cover to the other; and, upon their finding, contrives to fix himself at the most likely spot for the fox to break, where he heads him, conceiving the longer he remains in the cover where he is found, the greater the satisfaction of hearing the hounds; should the fox escape being mobbed to death, by him and others of the same stamp, and break away, he lays as close to the hounds as possible; but no sooner finds the horses of others upon a par, or superior to his own, than he resorts to ***Hold hard! hold hard!*** with all the powers of voice; this is another proof of consequence. If he has been accidentally behind, he makes a point of coming up in the midst of a dirty or watery lane, and by almost smothering those he passes with dirt and water, he again becomes the object of general attraction. Whenever he happens to be in at the death, he seizes upon the brush or a pad at least, as a trophy, and for which he has given the huntsman or whipper-in a previous hint, if not a previous gratuity. After the chase he bores all his friends with its incredible length and innumerable difficulties, and how very much his science and intrepidity acquired general admiration. London Sportsman.

Col. Crockett in a Quandary.—Speaking of the great difficulty of always being on the right side, and the danger of non-committal, "I never was," says the Colonel, "in a quandary but once."

"During my electioneering campaign for Congress, I strolled out in the woods, so much bewildered with politics, that I forgot my rifle. The first thing that took my fancy, was the snarling of young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree, the entrance being more than forty feet from the ground. I mounted the tree, soon found that I could not reach the cubs with my hands, so I slipt in, feet foremost, to see if I could not draw them up with my toes, while I hung on with my hands to the top of the hole. While straining with all my might to reach them, my hands slipped, and down I went, about twenty feet, when I landed amongst the family of bears. I soon found that I might as soon undertake to climb the greased end of a rainbow, as to get back, the tree being so large and smooth. *Now that was a real Quandary.* If I were to shout, it would have been doubtful if they heard me from the settlem nt, and if they did, the story told by my opponents would ruin my election. They would not vote for a man that ventured into a place that he could not get out.

"While considering whether it was best to call for help, or wait there until after the election, I heard a kind of scratching and growling above me; and upon looking up, I saw the old bear coming stern foremost upon me. My motto is, "*go ahead!*" As soon as she came within my reach, I seized her tail with my left hand, and with a small penknife in the other, I commenced spurring her forward. I'll be shot if ever a member of Congress raised quicker in the world than I did. She took me out in the shake of a lamb's tail

POLICE AND ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

Astronomically Happy.—A Baltimore watchman going his rounds recently, stumbled over a stray loafer, who was refreshing his limbs on the sidewalk, when the following dialogue ensued, as reported by the Transcript. "That moon don't shine right," said James to the watchman; "it aint right no how: it shines a sort of edgeways, as if it did'nt want to shine, and was forced to it. It must be a proud moon, or a monstrous lazy one. A Philadelphia one would cut the shine out of that shining all to nothing. Did you ever see a Philadelphia moon?" "O come along; this is all moon shine, come along." "Well, if you Baltimoreans could'nt have a better moon, you might have some decent stars—my stars what stars!—how rough the edges are—and they're all married aint they—they go in pairs I see." "O you are drunk and see double. Come along." "Well, I'll go in a twinkling—my eyes they do twinkle. Come along watchman, I'll take you to the watch-house. Them stars are all going handcuffed in couples; come along." And in a few minutes he was fast asleep, dreaming of the pre-eminent effulgence of a Philadelphia moon.

Patrick O'Hegan was a broth of a boy, from the "green isle of the ocean," quite a character in his appearance, and if Pat was to be believed, in "ra-ality too." He would have made a first rate captain of fantasticals. The nether half of his person was distinguished by a pair of "inexpressibles" in the amplest sense of the word; he explained them himself by saying they were

"Too long for breeches and too short for trowsers,
And I gentalely call them my Kilkenny rowsers."

His upper garment consisted of a brief epitome of what he facetiously termed "a mighty great coat." His hat, for hat he had, was equally brief in its dimensions, and according to Pat,

Was once of satin beaver,
He called his "gay deceiver,"

which "tickled the Dublin girls mightily at first, from which place I sailed till Ameriky." It was encircled by a russet band which had been tortured into several gyrations about a "whitey-brown" pipe, characteristically brief, which somewhat "discumshaped" the front of the "gay deceiver." After a variety of allusions to his person, Mr. O'Hegan volunteered a "brief history" of himself and his misfortunes.

"I was born, may it please your worship, in a hop plantation in the west of England, as we call the sisther counthry, so by rights I'm an Englishman, but I'll never deny my counthry, and by the powers that's Ireland. In the course of my growth, I must blushingly confess that I was the devil among the girls." (Here was a vain attack upon a blush.) "To keep myself from timtation, I retired to Kilkenny, where my natural acquirements made me an instructor of youth, commonly called childer, and I may say without flathery, I taught the young idea how to shoot, for I showed them how to make popguns and crossbows, till the young spalpeens black'd one another's eyes every night, in a battle of Waterloo after school, they did, and, saving your presence, I wasn't married, but the divil burn me if I don't think that one or two of my own family were under my tuition."

Here he was interrupted and desired to state by what misfortune he was found intoxicated in the streets.

"O is it that you're afther now," said he with an insinuating smile. "I left Ireland for Ameriky to teach the ruddiments of civilization to the savages of this counthry, but och when I landed in New York, I found they wanted no more insthruction than myself, at all, and so I was fain to turn my genius to rail-road architecture, which I understood flourished in this part of the counthry, and so

"I took to my feet and left New York,
To come to Baltimore for work."

As part of my poem on myself explains; and here I met with a glorious fellow that I once cadged with in Ireland; he thrated, and I thrated, the whiskey was capital, I was dhry, and soon I was dhrunk, and so

"I fell asleep amongst the rain,
For sleepiness I never could have refrain."

This extemporaneous effusion was too much for Pat, and he broke the measure and his pipe at the same effort.

Pat promised never to get drunk again, and he was allowed his liberty, which event he followed with a stanzas:

In the watch house did I get,
For sleeping in the rain;
'Tis truth that I was very wet,
But I got out—and dry again."

Thus by lengthening the measure Pat succeeded in poetizing the two necessary events of the preceding lines. Baltimore Transcript.

Forrest, the New-York papers tell us, intends to make but a short stay at home at present, having made an engagement to play a certain number of nights in the months of October and November ensuing, at some of the principal theatres in Great Britain. When Mr. Forrest left the United States on his European tour, he assured his friends, that as he was independent in his pecuniary circumstances, and travelled solely for information and amusement, he would not perform on any stage during his absence, and that not the most liberal offers would tempt him to appear even at Covent Garden or old Drury. He resolved to throw himself out of his profession, and travel as an American gentleman. He has done so. He has kept his word, and returned home with his well cultivated mind expanded yet more with intelligence—the fruit of observation and study. We cannot think that he will return to England as soon as October, and we hope—nay, we do believe, that he will fulfil any engagement there, until his old friends of Philadelphia, New-York, and Boston, at least, have had the gratification of once again witnessing his Thespian excellence, and greeting his return to the home which he so dearly loves, and from which the blandishments, and pomp, and luxury of Europe, have not been able to steal his affections.

Boston Transcript.

The following is a copy of a sign, hung out at a village in Wiltshire, England:—

Matty Miller, barber, perri-wig maker, surjon, parish clerke, school master, blacksmith.

Shaves for a penne, cuts hair for too pence, and oyled and powdered into the bargin. Young Ladys gentilmen also taut there grammar langwage in the neetest manner, and grate care taken of their morils and spellin. Also salme singin and horce shewin by the rele maker. Likewise makes and mends all sorts of butes and shuse, teeches the hobby and juse harp, cuts corns, bledes and blisters on the lowest termes.

Cowtillions and other dances taut at home and abrorde. Also deels holesale and retale perfumery in all its branshes, Sells all sorts of stashunary wair, together with blackin Bauls, red herrins, jinger bred and coles, scrubbin brushes treycle, mouse traps and other swetemetes. Likewise Godfreys cordiel, rutes, pottatos, sassages, and other garden stuff.

N.B. I teeches joggrafy, and them outlandish kind of things. A bawl on Weddensdays and Frydays, all performed (God willin) by me.

Matty Miller.

A Basque Priest.—A famous pastor was this, if ever a famous one lived on earth! His only fault was a little too much attachment to good wine and pretty girls. When the spirits of Rancio troubled his brain, and he passed over mountains on his mule—the strongest mule that ever carried a fine fellow—the worthy rector never took notice of what robber or knave he met on his way: he fancied the vault of heaven to be the roof of his church; and he thundered out a *De profundis* or a *Miserere*, loud enough to wake the dead. At his house you were sure to find abundance of wine, oil, salt, coffee, chocolate, sugar, and other colonial produce which reached him without duty. Any smuggler might boldly confess to him, for absolution, and with penance too, was sure to follow. He himself has played the custom-house officers more than one trick; witness the day when, clad in funeral vestments, and preceded by the cross, he attended a bier, on which was no corpse, but smuggled goods; the best part of the joke was, to see the custom-house officers kneel as the coffin passed, while the priest gravely besprinkled them with a shower of holy water. A priest of the right old sort was he; he drank with his parishioners, played excellently at quadrilles or cards, could pitch the bar as well as any Navarrese in the country, and, on Sundays, great was the delight he took in joining the dances and other diversions of the people.

Chaho's Excursion in Navarre.

We do not know, says the Boston Transcript, whost indignation is pointed at in the following paragraph. It comes from the country, and was probably written for the village weekly by some crabbed bachelor lawyer of the cross grained species, who found he was "no match for a woman"—and so magnified—in his benevolence—an amusing folly into a heinous crime. But to the paragraph.

"A *Bustle* is neither more nor less than a huge bunch of cotton, and is placed on the small of the spine, making the fair one who is foolish enough to wear it, appear broken backed. We admit that a female cripple stirs the fountains of compassion in the other sex as quick as any thing, but the "counterfeit presentment" thereof—the voluntary assumption of deformity—is offensive and indelicate. No device, ever originated by Folly or Fashion, (the terms are synonymous) violate good taste so completely as this abominable bustle. A cartridge box *a la militaire* upon a lady, would be more becoming; the hump on the camel is symmetry itself compared with it; and it is to be hoped that the fair of this land, who are liberally endowed by nature with charms "beyond the reach of art," will at once lop off the vile excresence, nor longer make the judicious

"Grieve to see God's image,
So blemished and defaced."

A police magistrate in the city of Washington, has a card in the newspapers, saying,—"The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has finished *putting up fish* for the season, and re-enters upon the discharge of the duties of his office." The avocations of this gentleman are neither so multifarious nor dissimilar as would at first appear. Having employed himself in barreling fish at one season of the year, he, by way of a little variety, encages the loose members of the *scaly* tribe in a "stone jug" at another. Emigrant.

A short time since, Major —— succeeded in carrying off the daughter of an opulent tradesman at the West-end of London, a beautiful and accomplished girl of sixteen. The parties left London for a fashionable watering place, but, after a sojourn, returned to London, and put up at one of the hotels. The young lady's father succeeded in discovering their retreat. On seeing the Major, his rage could not be restrained. He seized the poker, and darting upon him, bestowed several most tremendous blows upon the head and shoulders of the military hero, who made the best of his way into the street. He was pursued by the father, who called out to the astonished crowd of passers by, that this was the villain who had seduced his daughter. An officer succeeded in preventing him from further mischief, and the young lady was ultimately restored to the parental roof.

London Observer.

A Magic Flute.—For some time Mr. Gawthope, the Governor of the House of Correction, had been surprised by hearing the soft strains of a flute within that prison, and in vain had he exercised his vigilance to discover whence these sounds proceeded, as no such instrument could be discovered in any part of the prison, nor upon the persons of any of the prisoners. The other day, however, the mystery was cleared up, for on removing a stool in the day room, one of the feet came off, and it was then found that one of the prisoners had ingeniously constructed a flute out of it, in order to lighten the weary hours of his incarceration. We can hardly think that one who thus disposed of his leisure time is irreclaimably vicious.

York (Eng.) Herald.

Poetry of the Suckers.—A doggrel rhymester at Danville, Illinois, has published a dirge on Santa Anna. The following exquisite morceaus are a sample:

In speaking of the Texans and Santa Anna, our author says,

"They set him up, upon a stump,
And fired their guns at his head!
He dropped, and lay upon the ground,
And cried out, "O I'm dead!"

When Santa Anna's men cried out,
'O dear, you have killed our king,'
'Hush up,' said Texas in a word,
'Or we will make you sing!'"

The following beautiful toast was revived at a social board a few days ago:—"I dinna ken about politics—here's Friendship in marble, and Injury in dust."

A mocking-bird in this city having lately died without known cause, a physician was induced to open it, and found that it had burst a blood vessel by violent singing!!

"Thkoolmarm! thkoolmarm! may'nt we dree go out?"—"We three! what we three, Jonas?"—"Vy, there's I, dat's one; there's Tom Jenkins, dat's two, and den dere's me, dat's dree, thkoolmarm."—"A nice boy! you may all go out but just Tom Jenkins."—"Yeth'm, thkoolmarm!" P. S. Tom Jenkins and Jonas were the sum total of the "thkoolmarm's thcolars."

Claremont Eagle.

The Scales turned over.—Our friend Michael Scales, has at last been fairly capsized from his aldermanic hobby by the decision of the Judges in the Exchequer Chamber, on the writs of error brought by him against the city of London. Their Lordships have decided every point against him; and visions of "calipash and calipee" must now fade away from Mike's imagination. But let him take heart; Municipal Reform will soon touch the city, and Scales may be "himself again." Mike says the decision is wrong. 'Case why? In giving it, Justice dispensed with *Scales!*

Trick for Trick.—Jotham Dobbs engaged at Barnette, Vt., as a schoolmaster, and came recommended by his minister. His agreement with the committee was, that he should receive $550 a year, and if he gave perfect satisfaction, he should receive $200 more. Of course, at the end of the time he did not suit; (why should he have done so, when it would have cost the town $200?) and he was furnished with a leave of absence. Jotham could swallow any thing in reason, but this was too bad. To pacify him, they promised a recommendation of good behavior, and first rate qualifications as a schoolmaster, and of their perfect satisfaction with him. Jotham was satisfied with the bargain, and the recommendation was given. Jotham saw that all was right, and squaring up to the committee, he said, "I'il just thank ye for the $200, according to agreement, for I've got your certificate to it in my pocket." The committee were beaten, and had to settle with Jotham on his own terms.

Boston Transcript.

It is estimated by a London statician, that there are full five thousand men who would murder a man for the prospect of obtaining a shilling and escaping punishment.

The Editors of the New York Mirror says that the success of their paper is mainly to be attributed to the ladies, and that the gentler sex have never deserted them, under any emergency. There is no doubt of this, and we can assure those Editors the ladies will never abandon their *mirror*.

Boston Com. Gazette.

Something Queer.—The following advertisement appears in the Albany Evening Journal:—

Vive La Rue Coolers.—Open this day some Stocks, distinguished by the above name, as the air ascends through them to the bottom of the boots, which is very agreeable to the health in those days.

P. S. The old and young Screamers in great variety at STAATS' House, in Pearl street, opposite the market, six doors from State street—so call and see for yourself.

STAATS.

We know not of what country the advertiser is a native, but should be inclined to the opinion that he first saw the light in Hibernia. The idea of air *ascending* through a man's stock to the bottom of his boots, is certainly worthy a son of the Emerald Isle.

Ib.

Yankee Incidents.—In an American paper we find the following description of the pleasant state of affairs at Columbus, Ga., under the cool head of "Creek War *Incidents*:"—"The wild savage, frenzied by the smell of blood in his nostrils, is prowling the wilderness, skulking round plantations, levelling the deadly rifle at the breast of the white man, scalping the unoffending wife and mother, and beheading the innocent and unsuspecting babe!"—A very pretty mode of *settling* the *settlers* this, with a vengeance! Interesting "incidents" indeed!

London Age.

Helen Jewett's Mourners.—On Thursday last, six youths from Portland, wearing the appropriate badges of "Helen Jewett's mourners," came up the Kennebec in a pleasure boat, to perform a pilgrimage to the birth-place of the illustrious Helen. Long after midnight they were disturbing the quiet of our peaceful town by hiccuping songs to the memory of their departed sister in iniquity.—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot" was sung in honour of her, or of a female creature called "Pink," who accompanied them in their rounds, and to whom they were all devoted. Indeed one of the rowdies wearing a *black hat with a white band* did not scruple to walk the streets arm-in-arm with her in the day time. It is a pity that the police did not take these promising youths, spank them soundly, and send them home to their mothers. Their names are known.

Augusta Age.

A CARD.

To protect the property of my children, acquired by a life of industry and assiduity, I feel it necessary to retire from that state of society, in which there is no security for property, or even for person.

J. SCHOLS.

Wallabout, July 20, 1836.

N.B. Mr. Sheriff may levy as soon as he pleases, and assist me in the disposal of my personal property prior to my departure.

a 6–3t.

ANOTHER CARD.

Said a father to his son, who complained bitterly of having been stung by a nettle, "you should have handled it strongly, and you would not have been hurt by it." That a certain party predominate here, dividing the spoils *corruptedly* increasing every day; and carrying their *pestiferous* influence and plots, to the ruin of private families and individuals, arises from the same cause, namely: their opponents know not how to treat them. I have been that odious creature, to the little minds, a manufactur'd citizen, that meddled not. Had you been a Jackson man, said a person to me, the award in a certain recent case, instead of being $1,500, would have been six cents or less. "*Yet I have voted for no one.*" Nor did I intend to write upon politics in this country; but the iron hand of political oppression has been fixed on me; and I mean, in a PAMPHLET, to publish, if not my farewell, at least my inaugurate address, before I go. Want of genius reduces, would be, aspiring men, to low shifts, and designations of those, with whose intelligence they cannot compete, and consequently whose character they cannot read. My last, and for which I believe I am indebted to Davis, of the New York Times, is I think, That eccentric being,

JAMES SCHOLS.

a 6–3t.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.

By JAMES HORN, Jr., corner of Nassau and Pine streets, New York.

List of Wines, &c.

Madeira.		*Champagne.*	
Howard, March, & Co. per bottle	$2 00	Chateau d'Ay, quarts	$2 00
Blackburn & Co. quarts	2 00	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 00	Heidsick, quarts	2 00
Old Cabbot, quarts	2 50	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 25	Oil de Petrix	2 00
No. 1 Brahmin, (1826), per bottle	3 00	Comet	2 00
Wanderer do.	4 00	Cross Bow, quarts	2 00
Sherry.		Do. pints	1 00
Pale, on draft, quarts	1 50	Anchor, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	75	Do. pints	1 00
Duff, Gordon & Co. quarts	2 00	Bacchus, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	1 00	Do. pints	1 00
Lebo's celebrated Pale, quarts	2 50	*Cordials.*	
Do. pints	1 50	Anisette	2 00
Brown Sherry, (Smith, Bailey & Co.)	2 00	Curaso	2 00
Port.		Marischeno	2 50
Smith, Woodhouse & Co. quarts	2 00	*Claret Wine.*	
Do. pints	1 00	Chateau Margaux, (1825) Lynch's	3 00
Lingham	2 50	Larose do. do.	2 50
Old, (bottled in Oporto) quarts	3 00	Palmer do. do.	2 00
Do. pints	1 50	St. Julien, (1834,)	1 00
Rhenish Wine.		Medoc	1 00
Moselle	2 00	Braun Mouton	1 00
Marcobronner	2 00	*Porter & Ale.*	
Hockheimer	2 00	Burton Ale, quarts	50
Johannesberger	3 00	Do. pints	25
Burgundy.		London Brown Stout, quarts	50
Chambertin	2 00	Do. pints	25
Pomard	2 00	Philadelphia Porter, quarts	25
Clos. de Vogout	3 00	Do. pints	12

Together with a great variety of other Wines, which may be had by the bottle or otherwise.

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range, and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the Sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a Register of the Turf. The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses, and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do dot hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washingten and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us."

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a Complete Sporting Paper, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
MPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES,
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books*, *Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving Dramatic Miniature Portraits—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood, }	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood, }	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR, SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The New Series of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance). $5 00
For Six Months. 2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines. $3 00
Each subsequent insertion. 0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

Fashionable Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms.

jy 23.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

Great Attraction! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price.

feb. 20

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, New-York.

feb 20 J. H PERRY.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The entire number of the American Monthly Magazine for August, was consumed by the late fire in Gold-street. Another number is already in progress, and will be issued early in the month, after which it will be published as usual on the first day of each month.

a 6. GEO. DEARBORN, Publisher, 55 Gold-street.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

Office, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

AMERICAN LUNCH.

This establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage.

S. T. EDWARDS.

WANTED.

By a young man, who can procure the most undoubted security and references, a situation as Book-keeper or assistant, or Collecting Clerk. The advertiser has many advantages, and would make himself generally useful. Please address M. P. 147 Fulton street.

WANTED,

A PARTNER, in the Porter, Ale, and Wine Bottling Business. Any person having a few hundred dollars, would find it their interest to embark in the above, as the advertiser has first rate connexions, and will embark a suitable capital.

Address J. P. at 296 Pearl street, stating real name and where an interview may be had.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

jy 23.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
	The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.	

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owners of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

BELMONT HOUSE, NEW-BRIGHTON.

The Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, is now open for the reception of company. Every effort has been made in arranging the Establishment, to render it a place of rural and agreeable resort. A large Bathing Establishment will be ready by the first of July; and the walks and rides in the neighbourhood are proverbially beautiful. The Steamboat arrangements give it advantages over many other Establishments in the vicinity of New-York. Gentleman desirous of being in the City, can arrive at their places of business as early as they would from the uppermost part of the City. The hours of meals will be made so as to suit the wishes of all. Dinner will not be announced until the Boat which leaves New-York at 3 o'clock, has arrived.

The house will be under the charge of Mr. James Meara, who is favourably known to the friends and visitors of the American Hotel in New York. The Wines and Liquors have been selected from the cellars of the Hotel, and will be found of the choicest quality.

EDWARD MILFORD, *Proprietor American Hotel, New-York.*

New York, June 4th, 1836.

☞ The Steamboats Water-Witch and Cinderella leave pier No 1, North River, at 7, 9, 12 3 5 and 7, for New-Brighton. J. 11—4w.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

The Subscriber, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

Killinworth, Con. June, 1836. june 25

THEATRICAL.

The AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them-it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

Professor of the Flute, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. Hewitt & Co.'s Music Store, and at Atwill's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

No. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases.

W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease.

CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

NOTICE.

The Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols. Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

a 6–6t. GEO. DEARBORN.

D. L. P. WRILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

At A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a6.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John*, vs. *Miss Medley*.
Alexandria, La.	Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Rapides Course, 15th Dec.
" "	Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Rapides Course, 16th Dec.
Bowling Green, Va.	Wythe County Club, 3d Wednesday, 17th Aug.
Baltimore, Md	Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, $6000 aside, ch c *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of spr. meeting, 1837.
Belfield, Va.	Fall meeting, second Tuesday, 12th Sept.
Bath, Ky.	Jockey Club, Olympian Spring Course, last Thursday, 29th Sept.
Bean's Station, Ten.	Regular Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
Culpeper C. H. Va.	Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 13th of Sept.
Crab Orchard, Ky.,	Spring Hill Association. Time *changed* to last Thursday, 25th Aug.
Charlestown, Va.	Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 26th Sept. On the 1st day, a
" "	Match, $1000 a-side, —— heats, *Charles Scott*, vs. *Florinda*.
Davison's Course,	Near Trenton, N. J. 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
Danville, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Diamond Grove, Ill.	Jockey Club, Jacksonvill Course, 3d Wednesday, 21st Sept.
Franklin, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican* Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Florence, Ala.	Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 24th Oct.
Frankfort, Ky.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 2d Nov.
Fairfield, Va.	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, 1st day, $5000 aside, 4 m. hts. *Admiral* vs. *Margaret Armistead*.
" "	Match, 2d day, $1000 aside, 2 m. hts. Ch. c. vs. B. f., both by Sir Charles.
Gallatin, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept.
Hartsville, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Central Course, Fall meeting, 1st Treaday, 6th Sept.
Jackson, Tenn.	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
Kendall Course, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Oct.
Louisville, Ky.	Association, Oakland Course, First Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept. Second Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Angora* of Tenn., vs. *Rodolph* of Ky., 3d Wednesday, 21st Sept. Oakland Course.
Lynchburg, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Lexington, Ky.	Oglethorpe Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Moscow, Tenn.	Regular Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.	Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
Montreal, L. C.	Turf Club, Annual meeting, last Tuesday, 30th Aug.
Madison, Ky.	Association, Annual Fall meeting, Thursday, 1st Sept.
New-York City.	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Natchez, Miss.	Match, Four mile heats, $6,000 aside; *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 27th, 1837.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. Imp. b. c. by Longwaist; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $2000 a side; full br. to Naked Truth, vs. Imp. f. by Muley; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837. [Day and distance not declared.]
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., Two mile heats, *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*. Pharsalia Course Feb. 1837.
Nashville, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 27th Sept.
" "	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Norfolk, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting 3d Monday, 19th Sept.
Newberry, S. C.	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov., near Court House.
Oxford, N. C.	Wednesday, 19th Oct.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Jockey Club, Thursday, 29th Sept.
Richmond, Ky.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, Thursday, 1st Sept.
Rocky Mount, Va.	Jockey Club, 5th Tuesday, 30th Aug.
St. Louis, Mo.	Sweepstakes, [not the regular Club meeting], Friday, 16th Oct.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, 1st Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Tappahannock, Va.	Match, Three mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Robin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cline*, Mount Clement Course, Monday previous to Fall Meeting.
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct. On the 1st day, a
" "	Match, -- heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Camilla*, vs. *Charles Magic*.
" "	Match, — heats, $300 aside, h. ft. *Partnership*, vs. *Sumpter*, Saturday, 8th Oct., last day of Fall meeting.
Washington, D. C.	National Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

Varieties.

A Good Hit.—"Have you any shear muslin?" said a young Miss to a pert young shopkeeper. "No, madam; but we have some very fine small tooth *combs*." "Well then," said she, "you had better make use of them."

"Why do you not pay me that six and eightpence, Mr. Mulrony?" said an attorney to an Irishman; who replied, "Why, faith because I do not owe you that same." "Not owe it to me, yes you do; it's for opinion you had of me."—"That's a good one indeed," replied Pat, "when I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

The U. S. Gazette says that Mrs. Ann Royal wears a purple hat and calico frock; these, with stockings "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," would form a very becoming costume for the old lady.

A young Wife well Matched.—Samuel Baldwin, a gentleman of Hampshire, had, by his will, in the year 1736, ordered, that, after his decease, his body should be thrown into the sea beyond the Needles, which was accordingly complied with. In making enquiry into the motives for this singular disposal of his remains, it was discovered that he made it for the purpose of disappointing a young wife, who had frequently assured him, by way of consolation, that she would *dance upon his grave!*

Not long since, as a party of ladies and gentlemen were returning from a visit to Mount Holyoke, they stopped at a beautiful village not more than a hundred miles from Amherst. After tea, one of the gentlemen enquired of a bright young man at the bar, if there was a Piano Forte in the house. The lad very readily replied that they had no *Pianer* in the house, but had some very good Mead.

Fun.—"Mamma," said a little fellow, whose mother had forbid his drawing horses and ships on the mahogany sideboard with a sharp nail—"Mamma, this aint a nice house. At Sam Racketts we can cut the sofa, and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongues over the carpet; but here we can't get any fun at all!"

"How the deuce happened you to lose your leg?" said an impudent, inquisitive dog, the other day, to a person who was stumping along the street, with but one peg "Why," says he, "it is very vulgar now to walk on two legs,—every body does it, so I took mine off."

Editorial Bliss.—The Editor of the Commercial Advertiser gives the following note as a specimen of complimentary correspondence:—"The article in this evening's Commercial respecting Mancel, is exactly in character with the grovelling bigotry and despicable intolerance of snuff-nose Stone. If this is a specimen of souls to be saved, I hope to God I for one shall be damned. I would not exchange hell itself for those boasted regions of bliss if such saints as you, Col. Stone, are to be my companions. I am no infidel, neither do I wish to be a cold blooded hypocrite—one who makes his living by truckling to priestcraft and pious (!!) women.

Prentice says a Mr. Bentley has been indicted, in Alabama, for severely wounding a stranger with an axe, alleging, as a reason, that he did'nt know but the stranger was a robber. "He did'nt know," adds Prentice, "and so he *axed* him."

The latest case of mental abstraction—vulgarly called absence of mind—mentioned in the newspapers, is that of a man in a crowd, who, being bit by a musquito, leisurely stooped down and scratched his neighbor's leg, remarking that though the pain of the bite was considerable, the pleasure of scratching amply paid for it.

A gentleman, taking an apartment, told the landlady—"I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." "I hope it was not, sir, because you went away without paying."

Original.—Pat came in the stage about one o'clock at night, booked himself for the stage in the morning, and went to bed. He had scarcely got sound asleep when he was called to renew his journey. "And what will ye charge for the bit of lodging?" "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "An sure it was kind iv ye to call me so airly—if I'd a slept intil the morning, I'd not have the money to pay me bill."

Dunstable Telegraph.

A Distinguished Stranger.—"Who dat big nigger comin' down de treet dare, Cuff?"

"Who dat?—Whoy, don't you know him?"

"No—but guess he some 'stinguished stranger."

"Guess he be—he come down de Suskehanna river as chief engineer on Squire Jones' raft."

"No—you don't say so, Cuff."

A Bit of Senatorial "*Pot and Kettle.*"—A very nice bit of "pot and kettleism" was exhibited on Tuesday in "the most disorderly House in the city of Westminster," by Mr. Roebuck. Colonel Thompson presented a petition which charged the "lay and clerical aristocracy" with having "*roguishly*" misapplied charitable bequests. Exception, for a wonder was taken to these words by the Speaker, as being indecorous; and then, up jumped that gentleman *par excellence*, Mr. Roebuck, and said—"that the *dignity* of the House would be *lowered* if such language were allowed!" Roebuck and the dignity of the House! Ikey Solomons and honor!

Exhibitions for the Princes of Orange.—The Prince of Orange and his two sons were under the gallery of the House of Commons during the debate on the Newspaper stamp on Monday. Their Royal Highnesses doubtless were forcibly struck with the contrast between the scene they there witnessed and that which they viewed last week when Tom Crib, Spring, Dutch Sam, and Harry Holt, showed them the manners of the Fives Court. As at present regulated, any one of the four pugilists would be ashamed to sit in the House of Commons—their superiority of manners over the *non-fighting* Senators, must have amused the foreign Princes.

Evans's New Title.—So not to be outdone by Charley Napier, alias *Count Cape St. Vincent*, Evans, the diligent and attentive Representative of Westminster, is to be invested with a nickname, as *Marquis of Passages!* There's a title for you, "dear De Vear." The idea of creating Evans Marquis of a place which he *would have run away* from had it not been for Lord John Hay and the British Navy and Marines, is as good a joke as making Cordova Duke of *Arlaban* because he did run away from it. Passages!—the best *passage* Evans will ever make will be across the Bay of Biscay and the British Channel. Marquis of Passages!—*Marquis of Carrabas!*

Hint to Editors.—"We regret to announce the death of, &c.!" exclaimed a correspondent of ours the other night, reading a paragraph inserted in a number lying before him—"'We regret to announce the death!' Is it so? *Do* you?"—"Certainly," protested we with becoming gravity, and due sincerity of demeanor. "Indeed!" was the retort, "I'm sorry to hear you say that. To be sure I can conceive that you may regret the *death*, but it is your duty to *announce* it—and really it isn't pretty in you to say that you regret to do your duty."

Grantley Berkeley and the Graces.—"I don't understand," said somebody, "why the plate to be presented by the ladies to Grantley Berkeley should represent the three Graces as proposed." "Don't you?" said one who is never without a witty reason when it is wanted—"the reason is obvious enough.—There is the grace before dinner, the grace after dinner, and his own grace as the third."

National Predilections.—There are several kinds of drinkers, each of which has his own taste; and that every country has its peculiar beverage, we have evidence in the following old ballad:—

The Russ loves brandy—Dutchmen beer
  The Indian rum most mighty;
The Welchman sweet metheglin quaffs,
  The Irish aqua vitæ;
The French extol the Orleans grape
  The Spaniard tipples sherry;
The English none of these escape,
  For they with all make merry.

American Heroism.—The *Algemeine Zeitung*, a Gazette published in Vienna, gives an account of the upsetting of a pleasure-boat in the river there, by which the Princess Adelaide Sophia was precipitated into the water, and would have been drowned, if it had not been for the heroic exertions of Mr. Bell, a young American gentleman, son of Dr. Bell, of Charleston, S. C. who happening to be near, in another pleasure boat, immediately plunged into the river, (without knowing the quality of the lady,) and rescued her from a watery grave. He was next day invited to the imperial palace, where he was presented by the lovely Sophia herself with a beautiful breast-pin, studded with diamoods, valued at twenty thousand dollars. Our correspondent, to whom we are indebted for the paper, states that "it is impossible to conceive how high the *Nation Americanische* stands in this capital. The Austrian Court is certainly the proudest in Europe, yet the archduke has lately been heard to say that an American gentleman is fully on a par with an Austrian Nobleman. I should not therefore be surprised if something further grew out of this matter—particularly as young Bell is remarkably handsome and intelligent."

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE STAKE of $300, forfeit, $100, two mile heats, to run 2d Fall meeting, 1836, closed 1st of August.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. B. B. Seaman names "Dusty Foot," by Barefoot, out of Agnes
2. R. F. Stockton names his colt "Bergen."
3. Also, his colt "Cumberland."
4. J. H. Vanmater names bl. c. "African," by Valentine, dam by Marshall Bertrand.

The Sweepstakes, Fall, 1836, 2d meeting, for 3 year olds *that never won a race*,—2d in race to receive back stake if 5 start. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100. Closes 1st of September.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. L. Stevens names s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
2. Robt. Tillotson names ch. c. "Coronet," by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
3. I. S. Snedecor names Wilson's filly, by Henry, out of Di Vernon.
4. J. Bathgate names c. by Henry, dam Sheley, a Bussorah mare.

Aug. 11, 1836. [a 13] ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Secretary*.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

A SWEEPSTAKES open to all trotting horses, three mile heats, under the saddle, subscription $500, h. ft., and $200 added by the proprietor, will be trotted for on the Centreville Trotting Course, about the 1st of October next. Three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 10th of September next, at 7 o'clock, P.M. Entries, half forfeit, to be made with the proprietor, at Randall Smith's, Park Row, 3d door above the Park Theatre. To be governed by the rules of the Course. JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

N.B. The sum of $200 will be paid by the Proprietor if two horses only shall start. Should all save one pay forfeit, then no addition will be made to the stakes by the Proprietor.

J. C.

Centreville, L. I. Aug. 13, 1836. a 13.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to acy gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races, The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TRENTON EAGLE COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN FIRST FALL MEETING 1836,—20*th September*.—First Day.—For *all* colts 3 yrs. old—*two* mile heats—subscription $300 each—forfeit $100—four or more to make a Race, to name and close 1st Sept.

Second Day.—For three year old Colts—*that never won a race*—mile heats—subscription $300, each, forfeit $100, four or more to make a race, to close 1st September.

SECOND FALL MEETING.

First Day.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th October, Horses to be named at the Post.

Second Day.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by proprietors $100, four or more to make a race. O. BAILEY, *Sec'ry*.

Trenton, July 1, 1836.

BLOODED HORSES.

I OFFER for sale a great variety of Breeding Stock, embracing some of the best brood mares in America, both native and imported, now in foal to the imported horse *Consol*. Also sundry Colts and Fillies, of different ages, embracing some of the favorite crosses on both sides of the Atlantic; they can be seen at the stock farm at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Madison County, North Alabama.

No. 1. Imported mare *Design*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1827, got by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens; she was a respectable racer; her foals also for sale. *Julia Tattersall*, a splendid bay filley, dropped in England in 1835, got by Windcliffe, by Whalebone. Also, her foal of the present year, dropped at the Mills. A chesnut colt, *B. Tattersall*, got by Acteon, at the Hampton Court Stud, with his engagements—Design stinted to Consol.

2. Imported mare, *Delight*, a bay, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1828, got by Reveller, out of Design's dam.—Delight was a capital race mare; her produce, 1835. A bay colt, *Little England*, got by Windcliffe as above, 1836, ch colt, by St. Patrick, winner of the St. Leger, and now in the Riddlesworth stud; both very promising.

3. Imported mare, *Sessions*, a brown, bred by Lord Egremont, in 1826, got by Wanderer, out of Centaur's dam, an Orville mare, out of the dam of Selim and Rubens. Also, her foal, *Egremont*, a bay colt, 1836, got by Lord Egremont's Nimrod, by Whalebone, out of Thalestris.

4. Imported mare, *Vamp*, a bay, bred by Lord Sligo, in 182[illegible], got by Langar, out of Wire by Waxy, Whalebone and Whisker's dam. Langar was by Selim; Vamp lost her foal on the passage, and is now stinted to Consol—Vamp is of the true 4 mile stock.

5. Imported mare, *Gabriella*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Yates, in 1820, got by Partisan, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews, her dam Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick, by PotSos—Drab by Highflyer, Hebe, by Chrysolite—Proserpine, sister to Eclipse; Gabriella is a very fast mare, and stinted to Consol.

My native stock is, in part, very select.

6. *Sally Bell*, by old Archy; she is the dam of (Cathleen, sold) ch filley, 1835, and ch colt, 1836, all by Leviathan, large and fine.

7. *Cleopatra*, ch mare, bred in 1831, got by Bertrand, out of a Pacolet mare, grandam by imported Diomed, she has a ch colt at foot by Leviathan, and was stinted early to Consol.

8. Chesnut mare, by Sir Charles, out of a Bedford mare, colt foal at foot by Glenroy, and stinted early to Consol.

9. *Lithgow*, bay mare, by Revenge, he by Ball's Florizell, Diomed, &c., her dam by Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, imported Brilliant, her produce, 1833, bay colt by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Wild Bill, 1835, bay filley by Wild Bill, and now stinted to Consol.

10. *Jane*, bay mare, by Drone, out of a Blucher mare, by Durock, Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, &c. &c., her produce, 1833, bay filley by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Leviathan, 1835, brown colt, by Cock of the Rock, 1836, bay colt, by Count Badger, and stinted to Consol.

11. *Kate*, a bay mare, by Blucher, a son of Duroc, out of young Miller's Damsel, sister to American Eclipse; Kate's dam by Feather, out of an imported mare; Feather by Light Infantry, &c.—she has a filley foal at foot by Col. Camp's Whalebone, and stinted to Consol.

Not being engaged at present in a training stable, I offer for sale a capital son of Leviathan. Chesnut colt, *Tom Cringle*, foaled at the Mills 14th March, 1832, got by Leviathan, out of my old Archy mare, bred by Benjamin Jones, of Greensville, Virginia; her dam by imported Diomed, grandam by Wildair, (the grandam of Timoleon,) g. grandam by Driver, g. g. grandam by imported horse Fallow, out of a Vampire mare; he is a splendid horse, full of bone, and has all the requisites of a Turf horse, of the first order, and is now in exercise for the approaching fall races; he would be a valuable acquisition to any racing stable.

Bay Filley, dropped in 1834, got by Bertrand, out of a Topgallant mare. Grey Filley, dropped in 1835, got by Jerry, out of a mare by old Quicksilver; with sundry other colts and fillies, several of them engaged in important sweepstakes. Many gentlemen have been breeding for years without having the offer of such stock to breed from. As to the pedigree and performances, those that wish to examine can find the English Stud Book and Racing Calendars, and all the American Turf publications at the Mills.

Mares and foals when sold together, can be delivered when called for; mares sold without their foals now at foot, can be delivered to the purchaser the 1st of Sept.

Imported horse *Consol* has made a splendid season, and will remain at the Mills the season of 1837.

Persons applying by letter, will please direct to Huntsville.

Huntsville, July 19, 1836. E. H. BOARDMAN.

The Nashville Republican, Lexington Observer & Reporter, Mobile Register, Natchez Courier & Journal, Montgomery Journal, Georgia Courier, Augusta, and New York Spirit of the Times, will please insert the annexed advertisement once a week for six weeks, and send their papers for the time, and forward their accounts to the Advocate office, Huntsville, for payment. Each paper is requested to insert the printer's fee for advertising at the bottom.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, fall, 1836.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall, 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close the 1st of September, 1836.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland or District of Columbia, and as far south as the Rappahannock. To name and close by the 1st of September, 1836. Three or more to make a race.

3. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. free for colts that never won a race. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st of September, 1836.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, spring 1837.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland and as far south as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

To be run for 1839.

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled spring 1836. To be run spring 1839, mile heats, entrance $1,000, forfeit $250. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837. Now eight subscribers and more promised.

jy 23. J. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

TROTTING.

A SWEEPSTAKE will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted). Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. Boardman enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tuesday in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.

2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.

3. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wadcutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed npon him since his commencement in bnsiness, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open, to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race; and, Second Day—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 25 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary*.

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat "Lizzard," one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, "The Goddess of Liberty," of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.

June 13th, 1836. jy 23.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them. J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy, and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,08. The money ($10 a copy) should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.

a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the boat of the *Ariel Club*, of Castle Garden, built by W. & E. De La Montaignie: is thirty feet keel, pulls seven oars, is sound and in complete order, and with oars, cushions, flag, etc. will be sold a bargain for $175.

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July 9, 1836. PHILIP WALLIS, Baltimore, Md.

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THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

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2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.
3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.
4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.
5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.
6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.
7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
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A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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